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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

RIGHT-EYE BLINDNESS

Human rights never became much of an issue in the dismal election just concluded, but there is good reason to suspect that outside the confines of the United States, the re-election of Ronald Reagan was considered to be most important by those to whom human rights matter least. There is a new swagger among the members of the dictators' club. Those who monitor human rights, from Pakistan to the Philippines, from Turkey to Guatemala, from El Salvador to East Timor, report a qualitative degeneration.

How could it be otherwise? The Reagan Administration has done more than "signal" that it does not care. It has encouraged each move toward the consolidation of despotism—in the case of Chile, choosing the very week of a crackdown on anti-Pinochet demonstrators to vote for an Inter-American Development Bank loan to a regime that has exhausted every other kind of credit. Our government is blind in the right eye; it mouths off about democracy and pluralism only when triggered by the key word "Sandinista."

It has been left to the people of the Washington antiapartheid group TransAfrica to put the United States to shame. By subjecting the South African Embassy to a regular and dignified exposure to outrage, it has demonstrated, in the best sense of the term, that the American conscience is not represented by apologists like Jeane Kirkpatrick and Elliott Abrams. The collusion between American capital and a system of slavery, not to mention the collusion of official anticommunism with a proto-Nazi ideology, has the potential for arousing a serious coalition. The Democrats are reported to be searching for new ideas and directions. Why not a pledge that when they return to power, it is the torturers and not the prisoners who will tremble.

INEQUITY FOREVER
Robert Lekachman

JOURNALISTS IN BEIRUT
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THE TRIALS OF KATHY BOUDIN
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CITIZEN KENNAN
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INDIRA'S LEGACY

DYNASTY OR DEMOCRACY IN INDIA?

HARISH KHARE

New Delhi

The injunction against speaking ill of the dead must be dispensed with in the case of Indira Gandhi. In death, as in life, she continues to force her politics on a hapless India. After the eulogies ceased and the praise for the smooth transition petered out, the prosaic denouement was that her surviving son, Rajiv, became the Prime Minister.

A strong leitmotif in Indira Gandhi's politics ever since she was re-elected Prime Minister in 1980 was her insistence that her son—Sanjay, until his death in an airplane crash that year, and then Rajiv—succeed her. The game was expected to be rough and to last until the fourth quarter, but the two Sikh assassins ordained a sudden-death finish.

Most of India accepted Rajiv's accession as inevitable. With characteristic astuteness, Indira had insured that there was no one of sufficient stature in the Congress Party to challenge him, or even be perceived as a challenger. So the mantle fell on the 40-year-old Rajiv, who has no administrative experience and who put in a political apprenticeship of just over three years.

As it happened, Rajiv, most of the government's senior ministers and President Zail Singh were out of New Delhi on the day of the assassination. But even before Rajiv returned to the capital, the reigning coterie had chosen him as the successor. Indira was like a mafia godfather. The moment she died, *consiglieres* and *capos*, led by Vice President R. Venkataraman, stepped forward, unbeckoned and unprompted, to uphold the son's right to the clan's power and authority. That moment of posthumous glory

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LETTERS.

'MEMORY LAPSE'

New York City

In his October 27 column, Alexander Cockburn referred in an unkindly way to an essay of mine on André Glucksmann that appeared in the October issue of *Mother Jones*. My essay had cause to mention that when members of the Palestine Liberation Organization murdered Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics in Munich, there were terrorist and pro-terrorist New Left groups around the world that applauded. "Applauded?" Cockburn asked, as if I'd said something incredible. "I'd be interested to know which groups Berman is talking about."

Everybody suffers memory lapses. In fact, ideology might be defined as memory lapse made systematic. In Cockburn's case the lapse concerns an entire era of "Third Worldist" attitudes toward the P.L.O. For several years, sizable chunks of the anti-Israeli left supported the P.L.O. in its strategy as well as its goals, and therefore approved the policy of indiscriminately attacking Israeli civilians. When there were dead bodies of Olympic athletes on the ground and blood ran on television, many people with this view, to their credit, flinched at the consequences of terrorist action.

Others among the P.L.O. supporters weren't so squeamish or inconsistent. Among the more mindless fellow students I knew from the "anti-imperialist" wing of the revolutionary youth movement, quite a few stood up and cheered no matter what the P.L.O. did. They thought the P.L.O. was conducting a people's war, and people's war requires dead civilians, the more shocking the better, and so be it as regards Munich. Does this really seem incredible? It strikes me as revolting, but not incredible. Anyone who wants to see such attitudes expressed in print can look up the not-too-bright but nonetheless authentic editorial defending the Munich massacre in the September 1972 issue of *Liberated Guardian*. The *Liberated Guardian* was the leading East Coast organ of that most primitive of degenerated New Left tendencies. I'm told that among members and supporters of the Eldridge Cleaver faction of the Black Panther Party, the massacre was likewise greeted with a lot of elated hand-slapping.

That was in America. In France, one wing of Glucksmann's Maoist movement was, on the same ground, full of praise for the Munich attack. Praise in its highest form—imitation—was offered by Third Worldist guerrillas from former Axis countries. It was terrorists from Japan who, in the same period as Munich, attacked the civilians at the Tel Aviv airport. And among Germans, the Revolutionary Cells were in on the Olympic plan at least sufficiently to welcome the P.L.O. to Munich. Then the Germans went further and extended the attacks from Israeli civilians to Jews of any nationality, as in the Entebbe highjacking, where the Revolutionary Cells were planning to slaughter the Jewish passengers.

I won't bother listing the other terrorist assaults in the period after the Munich massacre—echoes of Munich, applause by means of bombs and murders—on Jewish individuals in England and elsewhere, the synagogue attacks, etc. But I will take the occasion to ask Cockburn's readers to spend a minute wondering why this history has so neatly erased itself from his mind.

Paul Berman

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

I asked Berman to be specific about those New Left groups that he said had "applauded" the deaths of the Israeli athletes in Munich, and I'm not surprised to find that he is unable to be so. After some entirely unsubstantiated assertions in his third paragraph about "the revolutionary youth movement" he cites an editorial in the *Liberated Guardian*. I have this editorial before me now. To suggest that it "applauded" is simply grotesque. The editorial was indeed a defense of the Palestinian attempt to take hostages at Munich and a denunciation of the West German and Israeli governments for instructing the Munich police to open fire: "They were willing to sacrifice the lives of the Israeli athletes in order to preserve law and order, in order to continue the pacification of the Middle East." To defend is not to applaud, and if applause had been the intention of the editorial its authors would scarcely have bothered to conclude, "We feel a sense of tragedy about Munich; we feel a pain and sorrow that people are killed in war, no matter what war and no matter what side."

This is what Berman has the dishonesty, with his use of the word "likewise," to call "elated hand-slapping" as he slithers into some gossip about "the Eldridge Cleaver faction." This attempt to hang a generation with something "the Eldridge Cleaver faction" might have said, with a line in an editorial in an underground paper, with guilt by undifferentiated association with "terrorism" or "pro-terrorism" (the *lettres de cachet* of Reaganism, be it noted), is nothing new. Berman is only one in a line of old leftists—now mostly new conservatives—who have never forgiven the New Left for its solidarity with the Third World, for its opposition to the U.S. war in Vietnam, for its refusal—however timid and fleeting—to ignore the sufferings and aspirations of Palestinians.

Berman has the impudence to talk about memory lapse as ideology and to taunt me with forgetfulness. According to B. Michael, writing in *Ha'aretz* in July 1982, a total of 282 Israelis were killed by the P.L.O. or as a consequence of P.L.O. actions between 1967 and 1982. During that time the rest of Palestine was occupied; 200,000 Palestinians expelled; Jerusalem annexed; thousands of Palestinian houses blown up on the West Bank and Gaza Strip; and, according to Meron Benveniste, approximately 50 percent of Palestinian land in these areas expropriated. Israeli bombings in Lebanon between 1967 and 1982 (once again, *before* the invasion) killed some 30,000 Palestinians and Lebanese and displaced some 300,000 more. And whenever a few voices have been raised against these horrors, Berman and his fellows have rushed in with their slanders, designed to obscure a silence about, and a disdain for, the Palestinian fate which then and now have been the shame of almost the whole of the American political community.

Alexander Cockburn

POOR PERSPECTIVE

Altamont, N.Y.

As a new subscriber, I am generally pleased with *The Nation*'s perspective and coverage. Nevertheless, having spent more than two years in India as a Peace Corps volunteer, much of that time in Punjab, I found the November 10 editorial "The Sikhs' Vengeance" did little more than fill space.

There are already too many poorly informed journalists claiming that every vigilante action, except those that occur in the United States, either is an extension of some international terrorist conspiracy or is inspired by (or another domino in) the United States-Soviet confrontation.

That India has bigots, racists, zealots and, yes, separatists does not mean that there is a weak or tentative sense of national identity. In my experience, Indians from Kashmir to Kanniyakumari, from Gujarat to Arunachal Pradesh, are highly nationalistic.

Civilization is still waiting for the development of an exemplary democratic government in which every minority group is confident that its rights or regional concerns are protected by and from the majority.

I hope *The Nation* will remind us of our own glass house. Please do your homework on this sensitive issue. *Charles H. Klaer*

CORRECTION

The December 1 editorial 'Drop Those Guns" misidentified the university at which a sniper killed an Olympic runner. The attack took place at the University of Oregon, Eugene.

NEXT WEEK: Letters on "The Strange Correspondence of Morris Ernst & John Edgar Hoover, 1939–1964."

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EDITORIALS.

Cap's Doctrine

Lin Biao is hardly a household name anymore, but as the Chinese Minister of Defense in 1965 (he was Lin Piao then), he caused a stir with a speech, later published as a pamphlet, exhorting, "Long live the victory of people's war!" The Vietnam War was raging then, and Lin urged revolutionaries throughout the world to break the imperial chains that bound them. At first, his speech was read as a justification for what American politicians used to call "Chinese expansionism" and as a promise to step up Chinese aid to the Vietnamese forces fighting the American intervention. But when American Sinologists got down to analyzing Lin's doctrine more carefully, they found that it had the opposite thrust. People's wars, he had meant, must be fought by the people at war and not by foreign friends and protectors, no matter how revolutionary their intentions. In other words, long live the victory of people's war, but don't call us. Far from an expansionist doctrine, Lin affirmed an isolationist sentiment that persists in Chinese policy to this day.

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Caspar Weinberger *is* something of a household name, and while his address, "The Uses of Military Power," delivered to the National Press Club on November 28 lacks the revolutionary ring of Lin's speech, it has some odd similarities. With Third World conflicts raging in our Central American backyard, and the United States involved up to its knees, Weinberger seemed to be rationalizing a massive expansion of the regional conflict. If U.S. troops are to be sent, he said, "We should do so wholeheartedly and with the clear intention of winning." But the consequences of those words could be more defensive than aggressive. He proposed six "tests" for the dispatch of U.S. forces to a foreign war. Besides the commitment to total victory, he would need guarantees that the military action is vital to U.S. interests; clearly defined political and military objectives; policy reassessments in response to changing conditions; and "some reasonable assurance" of support on the home front. Going to war must be a last resort.

It would be hard to find a war that would meet all those criteria. The invasion of Grenada, which Weinberger used as his model for an acceptable intervention, could not reasonably be categorized as an action vital to U.S. national security interests. And neither the political nor military objectives of that blitzkrieg were clearly defined to the American people, the Grenadians or the world. (President Reagan is still calling it a "rescue mission" to save American medical students.)

Beyond that, how much popular or Congressional support could be guaranteed for an invasion of Nicaragua or a commitment of troops to prop up the governments of El Salvador, Guatemala, South Africa, Lebanon or the Philippines, to name only a few likely future supplicants? How could it be assured that any of those interventions would result in total victory or unconditional surrender? Wars in the Third World—the kind Weinberger was discussing—may be unwinnable by First World countries. The theory that the United States played softball in Vietnam with one hand tied behind its pitiful, helpless, gigantic back is ludicrous. The Pentagon spent more money, lost more soldiers, dropped more bombs and generally waged more violent war against a small and backward country than in the great wars of the century, and to no avail. The lesson of Vietnam is not that we didn't try hard enough but that we lost.

Is Weinberger's doctrine, then, like Lin Biao's, an isolationist treatise veiled by expansionist rhetoric? Behind the words lurks an inscrutable Occidental logic that often contradicts their apparent meaning. Weinberger specifically told the Press Club audience that the United States would avoid "being drawn inexorably into an endless morass where it is not vital to our national interest to fight." But while Central America, for instance, might not be "vital" today, it could be tomorrow, with one stroke of the Presidential pen. And why not throw the whole U.S. military machine into an invasion in those nether regions? Never mind that a couple hundred Cuban construction workers (they were just that, much to the Pentagon's humiliation) held a super-high-tech U.S. deployment force at bay for days in tiny Grenada. There are always tactical nuclear weapons available to insure total victory. As for the Administration's objectives in Central America, they have been fuzzy for a while, but they could be quickly clarified. How about "the overthrow of the Marxist-Leninist government of Nicaragua and the annihilation of the armed opposition in El Salvador" for a start? Would it be all that hard to whip up Congressional and popular support for a war? Surely the Great Communicator could manage a successful media campaign to that end. And last resort? That is last which calls itself last.

While the pieties of the Weinberger speech should not give anyone a sense of security, as a whole it does express the military's traditional suspicion of gunboat diplomacy and its contemporary equivalents. American diplomats often seem more bellicose than their military colleagues because they see war, in the Clausewitz cliché, as an extension of politics. The generals have it the other way around: diplomacy is the last act of war. Weinberger, who speaks for the generals, is wary of letting civilian policy-makers drag soldiers into every ill-considered adventure, to resolve every botched plan. The Pentagon is not happy about its role in sticky, ambiguous conflicts where there is a high risk of snafu. Better that old soldiers be left alone to play with doomsday toys. There are no retreats in the Star Wars scenario.

Part of Weinberger's message was addressed to those in the Administration's foreign policy apparatus with whom he and the brass disagree. As for the rest of it, the politics of the next weeks and months will count more than Weinberger's tests, for events in Central America (and later in Africa and the Asian Pacific) will determine the U.S. military response more than words from a Press Club podium.

Politics of Death

Gary Alvord, who had spent most of his adult life in Michigan mental institutions before escaping to Florida and murdering three women in 1973, will soon be removed from Florida's death row and sent to a state asylum, where he belongs. Alvord was scheduled to be executed on November 29. Three days earlier, a panel of psychiatrists chosen by Florida's Gov. Bob Graham concluded that Alvord was too crazy to be killed.

Perhaps significantly, the psychiatrists made their findings, and Graham issued his stay of execution, just a few days after a front-page article in *The Nation* focused on the enthusiastic way in which Florida's courts and Governor Graham were marking crazy people for execution [see Robert Sherrill, "In Florida, Insanity Is No Defense," November 24]. Not since the 1930s has the state allowed a condemned murderer to get off death row because of insanity.

It would be nice to think that this action shows a change of heart, a change of policy, in Florida. But that would be a naïve conclusion. Good luck for Alvord does not necessarily spell good luck for other crazies. The timing of the Alvord

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rescue and the use of psychiatrists paid by the state, who, we may reasonably assume, are sensitive to Graham's needs, force us to the more realistic presumption that—barring further evidence to the contrary—Alvord's miserable hide was saved by bad publicity and political considerations. That makes the case all the more important, as a symbol of the cynicism that abounds in this field.

Governor Graham plans to run for the U.S. Senate two years from now, and, the rumors go, he also has Presidential ambitions. For the sake of his political future, he mustn't get national attention as a crackpot zealot, even a law-and-order zealot, and that is the image he is beginning to get. Reporters from major newspapers and magazines who wander down Florida way are asking why in the last two years nine people have been executed in the Sunshine State, as compared to fifteen in all other states combined. They wonder what there is in Graham's character that has driven him to get writer's cramp from signing death warrants (about ninety in six years). Jim Henderson of the *Dallas Times Herald*, who visited Florida recently, wrote that some observers think Graham is killing off criminals at a record clip in an attempt to counteract a reputation, gained earlier in his administration, of being weak, "irresolute—a wimp." Henderson's article was widely syndicated. Then came *The Nation* piece.

Apparently that was enough to make Graham take steps to repair his deteriorating national image. For political purposes, he could well afford to "lose" one of his intended death row victims. With Alvord tucked away in an asylum, Graham can protest piously, "How can those lefties say we don't have an insanity defense?" while continuing to send other crazies to the chair. Nobody ever said Governor Graham isn't a sly fellow.

It points up once again the nasty suspicions and embarrassments that capital punishment brings to politics. When Gov. James B. Hunt Jr. of North Carolina executed a murderer on the eve of the last election—a woman, which drew national attention—it was commonly presumed, whether fairly or not, that he was killing her for right-wing votes. Governor Graham's execution spree was similarly interpreted by many.

Where capital punishment is exercised, it is impossible to escape unsettling political overtones, even when those overtones are relatively humane. Louisiana has the good fortune of having a Governor, Edwin W. Edwards, who personally opposes capital punishment ("I don't think it's a thing we ought to be doing," he says) and who goes out of his way to seek evidence that might allow him to clear the way for a new trial for the condemned. A governor's attitude sets the mood in a state, and doubtless Edwards's attitude made it easier for the Louisiana Supreme Court last week to declare part of the state's death penalty statute unconstitutional. But no matter how the power structure tries to fine tune and "reform" capital punishment, so long as the death penalty exists in any form it is obvious that politics is as much a part of its administration as law and fair play. Where lives are concerned, that is a shameful admission for a society to have to make.

Inequity Forever

Liberals have reacted to Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's tax proposals rather favorably, probably because they are genuinely amazed that this Administration contemplates taxing business more heavily and individuals more lightly. But closer inspection of this major revision of the Internal Revenue Code, aptly called by Jimmy Carter a disgrace to the human race, diminishes any hope of enlightenment in the White House.

To begin with, very little simplification will occur. Taxpayers who itemize—30 to 40 percent of the population—will still have to hire accountants. For owners of small businesses in particular, life will become more complicated because depreciation will be indexed to inflation and because seven categories of depreciable equipment and property will replace the current five.

Nor is the plan more equitable. It is strewn with booby traps for more vulnerable individual taxpayers. Unemployment compensation will be taxed like ordinary income, along with workers' compensation for industrial accidents and illnesses. The child-care credit will be changed to a deduction, with a substantial net loss for employed mothers. Workers fortunate enough to benefit from the more generous corporate health plans will find themselves paying taxes on part of employer contributions.

As Gov. Mario Cuomo, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and even *The New York Times* have complained, the Treasury is back to old Reagan tricks, an adroit assault on social programs. Middle-class families in high-tax states like New York and Massachusetts will pay much higher Federal taxes because they no longer will be able to subtract state and local levies. State income taxes will rise because most are based on adjusted gross income on Federal returns, which, with fewer deductions, will increase. The consequences will be demands for spending cuts and a furious political attack on the comparatively generous health, welfare and educational services funded by states and cities, which to some extent had alleviated the damage inflicted on social programs by the Reagan budget cutters.

Possibly the worst feature is the continued downward slide of upper-bracket personal income tax rates. During the Korean War, the top rate was 91 percent. As recently as 1980, a 70 percent rate applied to income from property. In 1981, the top rate declined to 50 percent. The Treasury's new objective is 35 percent. Legislation passed in 1981 made the personal income tax substantially less progressive than it formerly was. The Treasury scheme freezes the 1981 distribution of tax burdens among rich, middle-class and blue-collar taxpayers.

Liberals, particularly in states like New York, should take Secretary Regan's proposals as a reaffirmation that any policy floated by this Administration is bad for the nation's health.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is the author of Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics *(Pantheon).*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Not long ago [see "Minority Report," June 16] I asked what the Navy and Justice Departments were proposing to do about General Dynamics. Adm. Hyman Rickover had furnished strong evidence that the Electric Boat division of that company was awash with graft. And P. Takis Veliotis, former executive vice president of General Dynamics, was offering to make public his extensive knowledge of high-level fraud and embezzlement. Justice Department officials were more than usually bashful about Veliotis, going so far as to tell Congressional committees that they did not believe he had the tape recordings or other evidence that he claimed, and making only the most languid efforts to contact him.

But right triumphs in the end. To the embarrassment of the Justice Department, Veliotis has given his tapes, which turn out to be real enough, to the press and to the F.B.I. And John F. Lehman Jr., Secretary of the Navy, has launched a fearless, no-holds-barred investigation of—Adm. Hyman Rickover. So it goes in Ronald Reagan's Washington. Messengers, if they bring bad news, are ignored or slandered or shot.

One need not be especially sentimental about Admiral Rickover. Anyone who is proud to be called Father of the Nuclear Navy can look after himself as far as I am concerned. But the old boy has been relatively brave and honest in his public statements, and has been demanding an inquiry into General Dynamics and its depredations since 1978. The Veliotis tapes show how right he was. They record David S. Lewis, chairman of the company, saying in October 1981 that he wanted to withhold internal estimates showing a $100 million cost overrun on nuclear submarines. The auditors, the Navy and the public were not to know, he said. This was *after* the American taxpayer had shelled out $639 million in added compensation to G.D., the largest such settlement in Navy history. Charity on this scale has enabled General Dynamics to submit low bids, win contracts, milk the public and then, with Navy Department collusion, blame the resulting scandal on the whistle blowers.

The last bit of this maneuver is the most complicated, and Secretary Lehman has yet to master it. But not for want of trying. Lehman is evidently the sort of person who goes home after a trying day and roughs up his teddy bear. Faced with the gigantic proportions of the General Dynamics ripoff, he has come out bravely and denounced Admiral Rickover for accepting trinkets. He has even, in a letter to Representative John Dingell dated November 21, made the Rickover case the sole issue of concern between his department and the Congress. Dingell, who chairs the Oversight Subcommittee of the Committee on Energy and Commerce, replied that Lehman should direct his attention to:

> The contents of the tape, the alleged bribery of a top official and member of the Board of Directors of the Corporation, the role of another member of the Board of Directors in a bribery scheme, allegations of other potential bribery incidents, your own Naval Investigative Service investigation of possible fraudulent charges against the government involved in the misuse of corporate aircraft at General Dynamics, the Department of Justice grand jury investigation and the SEC investigation.

Dingell adds:

> I am curious about the Navy's apparent lack of interest in contacting Mr. Veliotis or in contacting the Subcommittee to review over forty boxes of internal General Dynamics documents relating to the management of the submarine program at Electric Boat that should be of intense interest to the Navy. Apparently, the Navy is more interested in Admiral Rickover than in determining whether General Dynamics is fit to be a contractor of the Navy. . . . If a small contractor found itself in a fraction of this kind of trouble, I would guarantee you that it would never see another government contract.

That last sentence is certainly accurate. Recently, a minor contractor in Texas was debarred from government business for three years, and stuck in front of a grand jury, for giving a Federal employee a $200 TV set and a subscription to *Playboy*. You have to offer really serious bribes before the Navy tugs on the kid gloves.

That Rickover took gratuities is not in doubt. He got a $695 pair of diamond earrings and a $430 jade pendant (presumably not for his own adornment) in 1977 alone. Ship models, tiepins and, no doubt, cuff links were rained on him during his campaign for the nuclear submarine fleet, and many of these little numbers came from General Dynamics. Having denounced Rickover for accepting these trifles, which may have been worth at least $60,000, Lehman took the time to criticize Dingell for asking that some cheesy G.D. contracts be canceled. His tone, as he switched from smearing Rickover to standing up for a defenseless corporation, took on a new righteousness: "This kind of cry for blood ill-befits institutions of our government that are supposed to defend civil liberties and civil rights rather than demanding drumhead justice."

Blood? Civil liberties? Civil rights? What is this? Anyone would think that General Dynamics was risking its own money. Only five days before this outburst, Lehman appointed a board to examine submarine contract violations and declared, "I will make the final decision regarding remedies, if warranted, based on those findings." By denouncing, in advance of the "findings," the only "remedies" that could work, he has saved his board a lot of trouble and given us all an insight into the workings of his department.

This is all of a piece with the Reagan style. Raymond Donovan was described by the President as being chased by a press "lynch mob" when actually he was treated with unusual tenderness. Ed Meese is described as "vindicated" when all he has done is escape criminal indictment. Food stamps are counted, and the deficit is not. Government and the corporations remain more than ever on the backs of the American people, but heroic measures are taken to change the subject. This is Navy Department bravery in the grand tradition of Manila Bay, the Maine and the Tonkin Gulf.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

President Reagan's decision to adopt a more conciliatory policy in American-Soviet relations tacitly confirms what has long been clear: after a decade of growing influence, the vaunted "hard-line" approach to the Soviet Union has failed completely.

Ever since 1974, when bipartisan hard-liners scored their first antidétente victories in Congress, they have insisted that a strategy of ideological warfare, military buildup and economic and related sanctions would achieve two purposes. It would enhance American security by forcing the Soviet Union to capitulate on disputed international issues. More ambitiously, it would impose destabilizing political and economic strains on a crisis-prone Soviet system, thereby compelling the leadership to introduce fundamental reforms at home.

In practice, those ideas, which became sporadic policy during the Carter Administration and a strategic crusade under President Reagan, have produced the opposite result in both areas. Since the 1970s, the Soviet leadership has responded with its own unyielding policies in world affairs, broadening its war in Afghanistan, boycotting the Los Angeles Olympics, showing even less toleration of change in Eastern Europe and countering the U.S. military buildup and missile deployments. Instead of more national security, the American hard line has given us more international insecurity.

Its consequences inside the Soviet Union have been equally baneful, even where hard-liners promised tangible results. In 1974, more than 20,000 Soviet Jews were allowed to emigrate; a liberal dissident movement was still tolerated in Moscow; and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was deported rather than imprisoned. In 1984, fewer than 1,000 Jews have been permitted to leave; liberal dissent has been crushed, as reflected in the fate of Andrei Sakharov; and Western-sponsored martyrs such as Anatoly Shcharansky have been left to languish in labor camps. Instead of internal Soviet reform, the hard line has contributed to political reaction.

Such American policies are inherently counterproductive because they ignore basic truths about the Soviet Union today. Whatever else may be characteristic of Soviet leaders, they are intensely proud of their country's great-power status, achieved only in their lifetime and at enormous cost, and thus they are profoundly resentful of any perceived challenge to its international prestige.

Confronted with assertions of American superiority, preachments about their own "illegitimacy" and "evil" and ultimatums designed to "punish" them, Soviet leaders will always resort to an uncompromising line, regardless of the hardships involved. Despite their longstanding need for an arms control agreement, for example, they walked out of the talks on European missiles last year. And since that visceral reaction to American bombast is widespread among officials and ordinary citizens alike, it strengthens, rather than weakens, the leadership's position at home.

The hard-line goal of reforming the Soviet system through relentless cold war, including an uncontrolled arms race, is even more ill-conceived. We may wish for a liberalized outcome, but the United States does not have the wisdom, the power or the right to intervene in internal Soviet politics. Attempts to do so will always cause more harm than good.

Such efforts are doomed partly because they are predicated on wildly exaggerated conceptions of Soviet domestic problems. In reality, the Soviet Union is not in economic crisis; nor is it politically unstable. Moreover, any economic burdens inflicted by our hard-line measures fall directly on ordinary Soviet citizens, not on the governing elite, and are therefore morally unsuitable as American policy.

Above all, every American campaign to impose liberalizing change on the Soviet system actually sabotages that cause by undermining advocates of reform inside the establishment. It discredits their proposals by associating them with foreign sponsorship or *diktat*, thereby redoubling already powerful conservative and often xenophobic opposition. No less important, it contributes to a growing international climate of cold war, whereas Soviet reformers desperately need détente in order to offset conservative anxieties about the political dangers and economic costs of internal change.

Indeed, the conjunction of rising East-West tensions and the defeat of reformers by despotic or conservative groups in the leadership is a recurrent tragedy in Soviet history. At those historical turning points, the result has often been fateful—Draconian domestic policies in 1918; the brutal collectivization of the peasantry in 1929; Stalin's great terror in 1936; the return to terroristic practices after World War II; and the end of official de-Stalinization in the 1960s. On the other hand, on the two occasions when official liberalization did prevail, under Lenin in the 1920s and under Khrushchev in the 1950s, détente-like relations were developing between the Soviet Union and the West.

Our hard-liners, typified by the Committee on the Present Danger, remain stubbornly indifferent to those lessons of history, including the ones taught by their own failed policies since the 1970s. Many of them, inside and outside the Reagan Administration, still clamor for extreme cold war measures. They are deaf even to the present-day appeals of reformers in Communist systems from East Berlin to Moscow. As a Hungarian proponent of liberalization recently warned: "Reforms are needed, and first of all within the Soviet Union. If there is a new cold war, it is acting against any kind of reform."

But the most direct answer to American hard-liners comes from a Soviet reformer, a retired army colonel now working as an official analyst, who gave an anonymous interview to the British journal *Detente*. Asked to comment on the way Western cold-warriors emphasize Soviet domestic problems, he replied: "This is really tragic, because we do have internal problems. We need an economic reform. We need to expand human rights in our country and further to develop Soviet democracy. And we can only make headway in tackling our problems under conditions of prolonged detente. We need detente, lots and lots of detente."

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I can whistle and hum at the same time. It's not a trick; it's a talent. If the master of ceremonies at an Elks Club banquet introduced me in the manner sometimes used to introduce Miss America candidates—"Mr. Trillin will now do his talent"—I would whistle and hum at the same time. I would probably whistle and hum "Stars and Stripes Forever," although I've also prepared "Buckle Down, Winsocki" in case of an encore. It's a secure feeling, knowing that you're ready if the Elks call.

I hate to use the phrase "God-given talent"—like a lot of people with God-given talent, I have always prided myself on my lack of pretense—but it's true that whistling and humming at the same time came to me naturally. I didn't work at it, the way I worked at being able to blow a hard-boiled egg out of its shell. It's more like my other talent, the ability to bark like a dog: one day I just realized I could do it. I can whistle/hum anything, but I prefer "Stars and Stripes Forever" because it's a traditional song for people doing my sort of talent. On Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*, a program whose passing I lament, "Stars and Stripes Forever" was a staple. I once saw a man play it on his head with two spoons, varying the notes by how widely he opened his mouth. I suspect he had "Buckle Down, Winsocki" ready as an encore, even though they never did encores on Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*. "Buckle Down, Winsocki" is also traditional.

You might think that my ability to whistle and hum at the same time has always been a matter of some pride in my family. I know the sort of scenes you're imagining. You see my wife at lunch with one of her friends. "It must be exciting being married to someone who can do a talent," the friend is saying. My wife smiles knowingly. You see my daughters as kindergarteners bringing other kids home and begging me to show little Jason and Jennifer and Dierdre how I can whistle and hum at the same time. "Do 'Stars and Stripes Forever,' Daddy," they say. "Then do 'Buckle Down, Winsocki.'" I do both. Even little Jason looks impressed. "Jesus," he says, "I thought I'd seen everything."

That's not the way it has been at all. When my daughters were kindergarteners, they never asked me to whistle and hum at the same time for their friends. Little Jason, I know for a fact, still hasn't seen everything, even though he's now 16 years old. Now that my daughters are teen-agers themselves, their response to a bit of spontaneous whistle/humming in a restaurant or an elevator tends to begin with "Daddy, please"—a harbinger, I fear, of the dread "Daddy, this is neither the time nor the place." I don't know what my wife and her friends say to each other at lunch. I have to consider the possibility that my wife rolls her eyes up toward the back of her head as her friend asks, "How's the old spoon player these days?" All of this reminds me of what used to be said about the kid in my fourth-grade class who couldn't seem to catch on to math: "He doesn't get much encouragement at home."

There are probably people who believe I'm unencouraged at home because the ability to whistle and hum at the same time is, as the intellectuals would say, no big deal—being something that would be considered completely unremarkable if done by two people. That is like saying that because a game of table tennis is unremarkable if played by two people, playing a game of table tennis alone is no big deal. As it happens, I once saw someone play a game of table tennis alone—it was an exhibition between halves of a basketball game—and I can assure you that he had God-given talent.

Some of the Big Thinkers out there are probably saying that this tells us something about our times. Big Thinkers believe that most things tell us something about our times, so why shouldn't my lack of encouragement at home? Here's a Big Thinker interpretation: Once the American people realized that the replacement for what they had dismissed as corny amateur shows was cynical sleaze like *The Gong Show* or *Real People*, they began to yearn for Ted Mack, and that's what the election was all about. What the voters envisioned when Ronald Reagan mentioned old-fashioned values was Ted Mack talking about the Wheel of Fortune and then commenting in a respectful way about how talented somebody had to be to play "Tea for Two" (also traditional) on the Venetian blinds. (Significantly, the Big Thinkers would say, my daughters, who have never heard of Ted Mack, both refer regularly to Ronald Reagan as a dum-dum.) When the Democrats said that voting for Reagan was like playing roulette with the possibility of nuclear war, the voters just saw good old Ted Mack sitting in front of the Wheel of Fortune saying, "Round and round it goes, and where it stops nobody knows."

Why not? The election had to be all about something, and as things it might have been all about go, I'd settle for this. I only hope that Ronald Reagan acts on the mandate. For instance, public figures should be encouraged to do their talent. I am not one of those people who believes that nobody else has the God-given talent to, say, play the *William Tell* Overture on his teeth. I know better. I think a lot of people with God-given talent simply haven't displayed it—perhaps because they don't get much encouragement at home. I like to think that the late Gen. Charles de Gaulle could imitate a zither. I like to think that Margaret Thatcher can throw a lighted cigarette up in the air and catch it (by the unlit end) in her teeth. I think we'd all be better off if she just went ahead and did it.

I see George Shultz opening up a Cabinet meeting by saying, in his own low-key and sensible way, that he can do a dynamite impression of a whippoorwill at twilight. I see an infectious air of doing your talent running through the meeting—Jim Baker doing his duck calls and Ed Meese imitating a loan shark at bay. Sooner or later, the Administration could even pressure PBS to bring back Ted Mack's *Original Amateur Hour*. I can see the first show. I'm on it, whistling and humming "Stars and Stripes Forever." They call for an encore. I'm ready.

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ARTICLES.

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT

Journalists Under The Gun in Beirut

ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

On December 4, 1981, the day a story I had written about the covert relationship between Israel and the Lebanese Phalange appeared in *The Jerusalem Post Magazine*, a Phalangist official living in Tel Aviv called a *Post* editor warning that I'd be killed if I returned to Beirut. Shortly after the June 1982 Lebanon war, I asked Hirsh Goodman, *The Post*'s defense correspondent, who was going to Beirut on assignment, to find out if the Phalangists' tempers had cooled. "I wouldn't go to Beirut if I were you," Goodman later told me. "They hate you at the highest levels."

Beirut wasn't always a place journalists feared. Once a city of glittering, sun-drenched elegance, it was a prize assignment for Western journalists. But in the last ten years, Beirut has become a danger zone. Journalists have been threatened, shot, kidnapped, run out of town and bludgeoned to death. In a city ruled by anarchy and terror, they are inviting targets for Arab governments and groups that feel maligned by their reporting.

By 1980, after five years of vicious civil war, the city was in ruins and divided into rival fiefdoms ruled by armed gangs. Reporters had to contend with an array of competing political factions, each of which had its own ideas about what constituted fair and balanced reporting. Says *New York Times* Beirut bureau chief John Kifner, who covered Lebanon from 1979 to 1982 and returned to Beirut this spring, "I continually had to go back and forth between rival militias, each claiming to have a just cause and each hating the others' guts. Security was a nightmare."

The nightmare became omnipresent in 1980, when Syrian President Hafez al-Assad launched a campaign of terror against journalists who wrote about political unrest in his country. In the summer of 1980, Reuters Beirut bureau chief Bernd Debusmann was critically wounded by Syrian gunmen, and *Le Figaro* and the BBC moved their offices from Beirut to Nicosia, Cyprus, after Western intelligence agencies confirmed reports that their correspondents were on a Syrian hit list. "Beirut could be frightening because of the high level of random violence," says Jim Muir, one of the BBC correspondents who was targeted by the Syrians. "But when you get yourself on a hit list, life becomes *very* different. The airport was closed because of shelling for two days before I could leave. My heart jumped every time someone walked by me with their hands in their pockets."

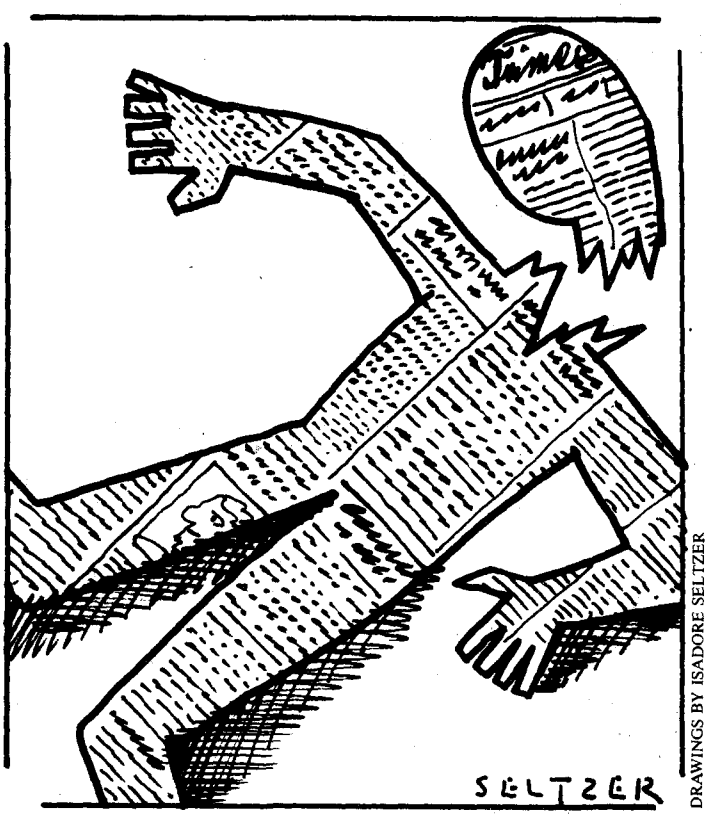
Robert I. Friedman is a New York City-based writer who comments frequently on the Middle East.

In May 1981, Kifner also learned just how unnerving Lebanon could be when he and fellow *Times* reporter William Farrell, along with Jonathan Randal of *The Washington Post*, Julian Nundy of *Newsweek* and William Foley, a photographer for the Associated Press, were arrested by fighters from Ahmad Jibril's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command, at a roadblock outside Damour in South Lebanon. The journalists were carted off to jail where they were stripped, roughed up, threatened and thrown into tiny windowless cells for sixteen hours, after which they were released with profuse apologies.

It wasn't until some ten months later, however, that Kifner reported the incident, and then only because Ze'ev Chafets, head of the Israeli Government Press Office, charged in an interview with *Times* Jerusalem bureau chief David Shipler that the media had suppressed this and other negative stories about the P.L.O. and Syria because journalists feared retaliation. (Chafets reiterates this charge in his book *Double Vision*, recently published by William Morrow.)

William Farrell, who says the experience in Damour was "very scary," denies Chafets's charge. "We didn't want to look like a bunch of macho journalists who had survived a hairy incident," he explains. "The same day we were released, twenty-one Lebanese civilians were killed during a shelling attack on Beirut, and the SAM missile crisis in the Bekáa Valley was heating up. What do you think was the most important story?"

Many Beirut-based correspondents gave the P.L.O. high marks for its tolerance of criticism from the press. *The Washington Post*'s Loren Jenkins, who shared a Pulitzer



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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Prize for his reporting from Lebanon in 1982 with Thomas Friedman of *The Times*, says the organization acted as the press's guardian angel. "One lived with greater security when the press was under the protection of the P.L.O.," he says. "It is a well-known fact that the P.L.O. provided security for reporters, protected the press center in the Commodore Hotel and intervened with leftist groups when necessary. No one is doing that now."

Not every correspondent gave the Palestinians such a good review. "Although they were generally pretty democratic," says Jim Muir, "I've known reporters who were detained or run out of town by the P.L.O. for being too critical. And if they got it in their heads that you were a C.I.A. spook or a Zionist spy, you'd better pack your bags."

There was considerable speculation among Western reporters about whether the P.L.O. was involved in the July 1981 bludgeoning murder of ABC's Beirut stringer Sean Toolan. Toolan's battered body was found in a West Beirut alley shortly after the network aired a special documentary on *20/20* titled "The Unholy War," linking the P.L.O. to the K.G.B. and international terrorism. In an interview in February 1982, Chafets alleged to Shipler that Toolan might have been murdered by the Palestinian organization in revenge for ABC's unflattering documentary. But most of Toolan's colleagues in West Beirut don't think the killing was politically motivated. "It was a sex-related killing," said a British journalist who was drinking with Toolan the night he was murdered. "Toolan was having several affairs with married Arab women. You can't do that in the Arab world. If it was a serious political killing, you wouldn't have been able to identify the body."

Although the debate still rages in some quarters about whether the P.L.O. intimidated or protected the Western press corps in Beirut, reporters generally agree that the Syrians were absolutely terrifying. After the shooting of Debusmann and the departure of *Le Figaro* and the BBC, reporters delayed filing sensitive stories about Syria until the Arab media had broken them.

In April 1981, American journalists in Beirut heard credible reports that Syrian troops had massacred hundreds of civilians in the Central Syrian city of Hama. They sat on the story for weeks, however, until it was reported by the Iraqi government radio station in Baghdad. Then they forwarded the Iraqi account to their papers in the United States. The only major U.S. paper to publish a piece on the mass murder, two months after the fact, was *The Washington Post*, whose reporter Edward Cody wrote from Washington that the massacre was not widely publicized because of Syrian threats and attacks on journalists in Beirut.

In February 1982, journalists there again heard reports of a brutal massacre in Hama, and this time they rushed to Damascus to cover the story. The Syrian government denounced both the reports of the story and the publications in which they were run. "Syria is more quiet and stable and secure than a number of American cities," Syrian Information Minister Ahmed Iskander Ahmed told Western reporters in Damascus. But the road to Hama was closed to foreign correspondents. "Journalists are cautioned, with emphasis," wrote Michael Kennedy of the *Los Angeles Times*, "to stay away from Hama if they value their lives." By the time journalists visited the city, about ten weeks after the massacre, much of it had been "bulldozed as flat as parking lots," wrote Thomas Friedman, then the *New York Times* Beirut bureau chief.

More recently, stories about President Assad's ill health and the ensuing power struggle between him and his brother Rifat have been handled gingerly by the Western press. Last winter, when the editors of *The New York Times Magazine* asked Friedman to write a "backgrounder" on Syrian affairs, he declined, reportedly citing security reasons.

Even conservative, pro-Western Arab regimes have, on occasion, threatened reporters' sources in Lebanon. In 1980, Helena Cobban, then a Beirut correspondent for *The Christian Science Monitor*, filed several dispatches about corruption and political unrest in Saudi Arabia. Cobban says her main source for the story, a Saudi national in Beirut, was abducted by Saudi agents soon after the stories were published.

After the Phalangists gained the upper hand in Beirut following the Syrian and P.L.O. withdrawal from the city in August 1982, Western journalists complained they were being subjected to a campaign of Phalange-inspired intimidation. In the most notorious incident, after *Washington Post* correspondent Loren Jenkins and *New York Times* reporter Colin Campbell investigated the Phalangist massacres at Sabra and Shatila refugee camps in September 1982, they were told to leave Lebanon within twenty-four hours or be killed.

The Phalangists also strong-armed other reporters. In October 1982, *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent Trudy Rubin was threatened in East Beirut by the head of the Phalangist military police, Dib Anastas, who, says Rubin, screamed when she entered his office, "We know how to take care of people who write lies." Rubin says Anastas mistook her for Helena Cobban, who had written several articles critical of the Phalange.

In the fall of 1983, reporters discovered they had a new enemy: the virulently anti-Western terrorist group Party of God, which claimed responsibility for the killing of 241 American marines and fifty-eight French soldiers in Beirut that October. The group is also said to have been responsible for the March 7, 1984, kidnapping of Jeremy Levin, the 51-year-old Beirut bureau chief of Cable News Network, who disappeared on his way to work. Although the network has received no ransom note, CNN spokeswoman Judi Borza says, "We have reason to believe he's alive."

Also this year, on August 29, a group calling itself the Moslem Socialist Revolutionary Organization kidnapped Reuters Beirut correspondent Jonathan Wright while he was in the Bekáa Valley. Wright escaped from his captors in September and returned to London. He was the second Reuters reporter to return unexpectedly to London this year. In March, another correspondent left Beirut after a rocket burst through her bedroom wall.

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HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- One can of beer, as well as one eight-ounce glass of wine, and one 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.
- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.
- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

Arm your teenagers with the facts and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

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Although Beirut is still the best listening post in the Arab Middle East, reporters are increasingly reluctant to risk their lives there. The number of foreign journalists in Beirut has dropped from 400 in 1975 to less than 200 today. In a climate of constant fear, they are leery about probing too deeply into the affairs of radical Arab regimes and organizations. Consequently, significant stories have been missed or underreported. The P.L.O.'s reign of terror against local inhabitants in South Lebanon, the divisions within Al Fatah that led to a mutiny in the organization last year, the Phalangist domination of Lebanon's central government and the extent of Iranian involvement in Lebanon's principal Shiite organization, Amal, are all stories that were missed or inadequately reported.

Covering the Middle East from Lebanon is hard enough during relatively quiet times, but when intimidation is added to the equation, a difficult job becomes impossible. Jenkins, who has been in and out of Lebanon dozens of times and is currently reporting from Latin America, says, "I've never seen any place as ugly—or as potentially dangerous for reporters—as Lebanon." □

THE TRIALS OF KATHY BOUDIN

Punishment First, Sentencing After

ROBIN REISIG

The arrest of an additional suspect in the Brink's robbery/murder case on November 30 stirs memories of the trial of the original defendants. At a time when Secretary of State George Shultz has called for a "war on terrorism" even if it means causing the death of "some innocent people," when present Federal Bureau of Investigation guidelines, as in the old COINTELPRO days, permit investigations of individuals or groups merely on the basis of statements, and when the Administration has introduced legislation that would impose ten-year prison sentences on anyone convicted of giving vaguely defined support to "terrorist" governments or groups, it is worth re-examining the government's prosecution of the first group of defendants—and its impact on civil liberties.

"The test of a civilization is how it treats the people it dislikes." Attorney Dan Pochoda repeated that familiar phrase at a particularly frustrating moment during the two-and-a-half-year pretrial confinement of his client Kathy Boudin. Now that almost eight months have elapsed since Boudin's case ended with her pleading guilty and being sentenced to twenty years in prison as a participant in the crime, the phrase remains just as apt.

Not only Boudin's but all the cases that arose from the October 20, 1981, holdup of a Brink's truck in Nyack, New York, in which a guard and two policemen were killed, provided a test of how well our laws and constitutional guarantees work. In many ways, our justice system, and the civilization it represents, have failed the test.

The shrill cry of "terrorism" blotted out reasoned judgment; in the name of law and order, breaches of the law were condoned, even by the courts. This trampling on the defendants' rights was accomplished easily because the liberal community, horrified by the events in Rockland County and wishing to dissociate itself from them, looked the other way.

The defendants weren't the only ones who broke the laws in this case. During the pretrial phase, following their arrest on charges of second-degree murder and armed robbery, the government did its share of lawbreaking as well.

After a brief stay in the Rockland County jail, two of the five defendants who were being tried on state charges were placed in solitary confinement in the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan. Such confinement is ordinarily a short-term punishment for prisoners who have misbehaved. They were singled out for punitive treatment in other ways. The prison forbade Boudin and co-defendant Judith Clark to touch their babies during visiting hours. "It is said they might be carrying a weapon in their Pampers," Boudin wrote in an affidavit. After two and a half months, U.S. District Court Judge Kevin Duffy ordered an end to those conditions, saying, "Miss Boudin as a pretrial detainee is not to be punished."

But on the day of Duffy's order, January 7, 1982, the five defendants, including Boudin and Clark, were moved to Woodbourne Correctional Institution, which houses convicted male prisoners. The shift violated a state law which allowed transfers of pretrial detainees to such facilities only when a jail becomes "unfit or unsafe . . . due to an inmate disturbance or a natural disaster." Six months after they were transferred, the state legislature added the words "or other extraordinary circumstances" to the statute to authorize what had been done.

Next the defendants were moved to Orange County, where the guards' names and numbers were concealed for much of their stay, in violation of a state law intended to insure accountability among prison personnel.

State law also mandates that defendants must be housed in the county where they are being tried. In December 1983, Boudin's trial was moved to White Plains, in Westchester County, after her lawyers showed that half the jury pool in Orange County, where three of the defendants had been tried, had already decided that she was guilty. The Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court ordered her transferred to Westchester County. But that order was not obeyed. Instead, on February 3, Boudin was returned to the Rockland facility. The State Commission of Correction initially called the transfer "totally unauthorized" but later approved it.

The removal to Rockland County, Boudin's attorneys complained, deprived her of the Sixth Amendment right to counsel. Earlier this year, while a jury was being selected in White Plains, her lawyers could consult with her only briefly

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at the start and close of each day's session, unless they wanted to travel to Rockland at night, which meant giving up an evening's legal work. At first the Rockland cells were pitch dark, her attorneys charged, so Boudin could not read or work on her case.

"Never just talk about me," Boudin told me, pointing out that other Brink's defendants had fared even worse. Sam Brown had complained for more than two months that he was in excruciating pain caused by five days of beatings in the Rockland County jail following his arrest. Only after he had informed on his colleagues to the F.B.I.—causing further arrests, some believe—was he allowed to see a doctor, who diagnosed a broken neck and ordered a spinal fusion operation. Sekou Odinga spent more than three months in the Kings County Hospital Center after his arrest on Federal charges in connection with the Brink's holdup a few days after it occurred. According to hospital records, he had bruises all over his body, swollen eyes and jaws, and cigarette burns on his arms. His legal advisers, Judith Holmes, Susan Tipograph and Mark Gombiner, say he was tortured while in custody.

None of the officers whom Brown and Odinga accused of beating them have been prosecuted. Queens County Assistant District Attorney Edmund Aleksey, who prosecuted Odinga on separate state charges of attempted murder for shooting at the policemen who arrested him, dismissed the hospital report as "a self-serving declaration" and said he didn't believe Odinga's allegations. He didn't investigate the injuries, he said, "because they're all nuts, they're all terrorists. We're a prosecutorial office. As far as we know, the police didn't commit any crimes."

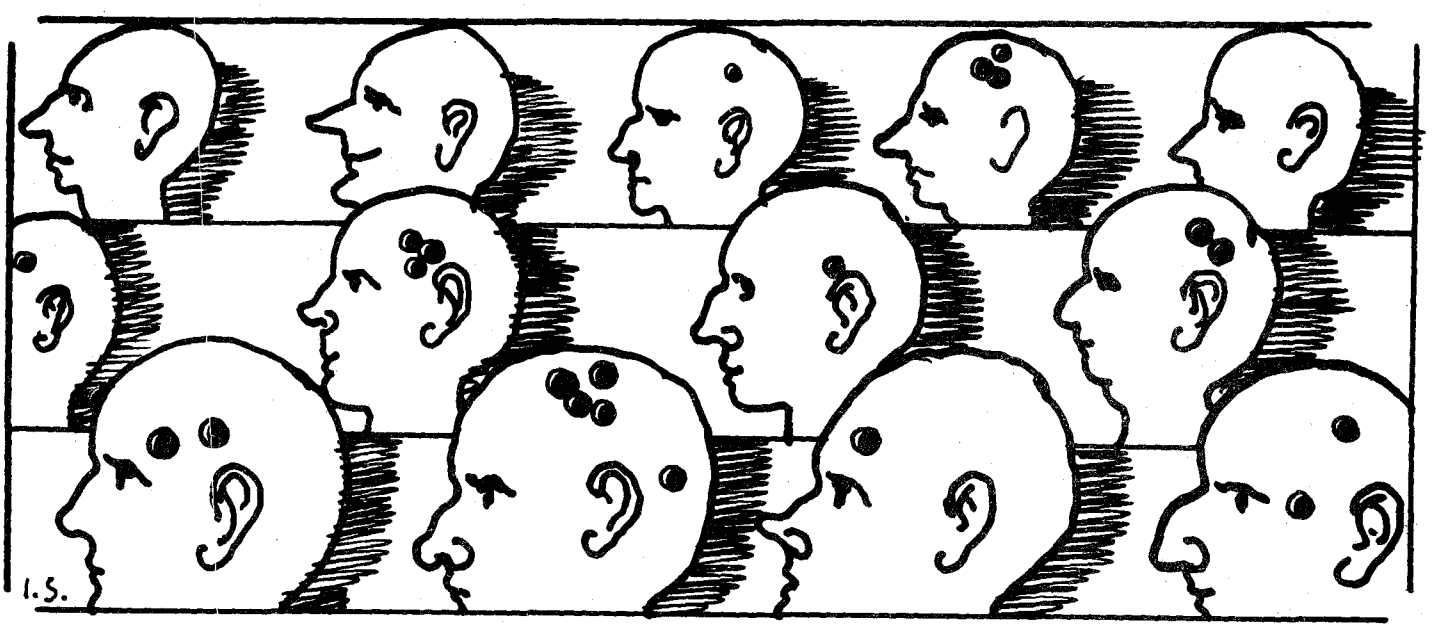
The state government also justified its unusual treatment of the Brink's prisoners, both before and during their trials, on the ground that they were terrorists. Boudin's lawyers contended that the extraordinary security precautions taken with the defendants contributed to a public perception that they were dangerous, hence guilty. When four of the five defendants were transferred from Rockland to Orange County at 3 A.M. in June 1983, the motorcade of police cars with sirens screeching woke and alarmed people along the route.

At a pretrial hearing in Rockland County in September 1982 law-enforcement officers openly photographed demonstrators supporting the defendants, as well as people entering the courthouse, but as Nat Hentoff pointed out at the time in *The Village Voice*, the civil liberties community did not speak out. Guards with shotguns were posted night and day on the roof of the Orange County jail. "People wouldn't let their children play outdoors near the jail," Boudin recalled.

Some of the hysteria was manufactured. Bomb threats against the Orange County sheriff and county executive seemed to justify continuing the use of extra deputies and expensive overtime. Later, the sheriff informed the county executive that the threats apparently had been made by a deputy assigned to intelligence duties in the case.

The authorities' fear of terrorism had its occasional comic side. When a suspicious-looking box was spotted in a church near the Orange County jail, an Army demolition team was called in. Carefully they opened what turned out to be a box of candles. Similarly, when Judith Clark, who is 5 feet 3 inches tall, arrived at the state prison for women, a size 18 uniform was waiting for her. The guards told her they thought she was much bigger.

A more serious issue is the effect the extraordinary security measures had on the juries. The jury in Orange County was driven to court each day in a bus with blackened windows. The members were anonymous, and some donned sunglasses when the defendants appeared. At a pretrial hearing, a witness testified anonymously. The same atmosphere affected, and possibly prejudiced, jury selection in Boudin's trial. Potential jurors had to enter through the rear of the Westchester County Courthouse in White Plains because the front door was sealed behind a newly constructed hip-high concrete wall that ringed the building. Armed officers methodically searched their belongings as they passed through airport-style metal detectors. "It was as if we won a change of venue not to White Plains but to Beirut," Boudin's attorney Leonard Weinglass remarked. At least



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one potential juror made the same comparison. Another said he would serve only if round-the-clock protection was provided for his family.

The defense faced a Catch-22 in picking jurors. It challenged for cause people who were related to police officers or who knew about Boudin's participation in the Weather Underground. (At one point, more than one-quarter of the jury pool fell into each of those categories.) But since the defense planned to appeal the case on the ground that the judge had erred in not excluding those two groups from the jury pool, to maintain its right to appeal on that point, it had to be consistent and challenge all potential jurors who belonged to them, even those who seemed likely to be favorable to the defense. The immediate effect of that strategy was the loss of many desirable jurors, since the D.A. consented only to the removal of—and the judge removed—those jurors who seemed liberal or likely to be sympathetic to the defense. Those who seemed unfavorable stayed on.

On March 26, Judge David Ritter announced that he would remove for cause only those jurors with close relatives on the police force who had been killed or injured by violent acts during the course of duty. Then he violated his own standards, removing four jurors who didn't fit that description. Two of them did not have relatives on the police force injured in the line of duty and seemed possibly favorable to the defense. Meanwhile, he allowed on the panel a woman who said she had owned stock in the Pittston Corporation, the Brink's parent company, at the time of the robbery and had discussed the case with her brother, a former corrections officer, after the judge had forbidden conversations about the case. (When the judge inquired as to why she had asked her brother what he thought about the case, she replied, "I had no one else to ask.") Had the trial taken place, the defense would probably have had to contend with jurors who were affected by family ties to the police and their knowledge of Boudin's past, to say nothing of the high-security atmosphere of the courtroom.

On the afternoon of April 26, within the concrete bunker of the White Plains courthouse, Kathy Boudin pleaded guilty to one count of felony murder for the killing of the Brink's guard, and one count of armed robbery. (It was a plea-bargain arrangement which seemed the most practical way to reduce her term.) She was sentenced to twenty years in prison and will not be eligible for parole until 2001, when she will be 58. "I feel terrible," she said in a quiet voice, "about the lives that were lost as a result of this incident." A week later, at her sentencing, she said: "The meaning of my life has come from being part of a worldwide tradition of fighting for a more just and humane world. My ideals give me strength today as well as yesterday and tomorrow." Ritter gave three consecutive twenty-five-year-to-life sentences to each of her co-defendants, including the informant Brown, long since broken, who in his prison cell talked to both God and the Devil. They will be eligible for parole in seventy-five years.

"A sentence of that severity for someone who did not have a weapon and did not fire a shot is harsh," said Weinglass, noting that Emily Harris and another woman, both convicted for engaging in acts of violence (Harris as a member of the Symbionese Liberation Army and the other as a participant in a robbery/murder in Boston staged allegedly to finance the antiwar movement), served seven years each. "A whole new atmosphere pervades the criminal justice system. Law-and-order judges know that unlike in the past twenty years, they now have friends upstairs in the appellate courts." He added, "The failure of the civil liberties community to come to their [the defendants'] aid gave further license to both the trial and appellate courts."

A number of troubling legal tactics and precedents emerge from the Brink's case. One is the use of the grand jury as an instrument of political harassment. Eleven friends or possible associates of the Brink's defendants were jailed for up to eighteen months for civil contempt stemming from their refusal to cooperate with the grand jury investigation. They were released only because a judge said that holding them would be punitive, and therefore improper, since the purpose of the civil-contempt statute is to coerce testimony and these people clearly weren't going to be coerced. Last year in Brooklyn, a group of Hispanics were tried for refusing to testify to a grand jury under the criminal-contempt statute; they got three years.

Another disturbing development was the use of the Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organizations Act of 1970 (RICO) against defendants in the Federal Brink's case. Enacted to give prosecutors unusually wide-ranging powers in fighting organized crime, the statute has recently been found useful in prosecuting political people as well. Far broader than the Federal conspiracy statutes used against Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Chicago Eight and the Harrisburg defendants, it carries a twenty-year maximum sentence, instead of the usual five. Sekou Odinga and his five Federal

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co-defendants were charged under RICO; he was charged on a number of counts of murder and robbery as well. But although Odinga was acquitted of all the murder and robbery charges, including those stemming from the Brink's robbery, he was convicted of both violating RICO and conspiring to violate it. He was sentenced to two terms of twenty years each, which, in an unusual move, were made consecutive.

Kathy Boudin says that the government's treatment of the Brink's defendants set a pattern since followed elsewhere. People who define themselves as political and who are called terrorists by the government are in jail around the country, and for many of them, sentences are longer and conditions are worse than in the bad old days of the Nixon Administration. Some months after Boudin was arrested, she pointed out, a group of Puerto Rican *independentistas* in Chicago were placed in solitary confinement immediately after their arrest. Boudin told me about two of them, Lucy Rodriguez and Haydee Torres—the former serving a seventy-five-year sentence for seditious conspiracy—who were kept at the Federal Correctional Institution at Alderson, West Virginia, in total solitary. They were forced to stick their hands out their cell door window to be handcuffed before being allowed out, even to go only a short distance—to take a shower, for example.

As Boudin sees it, the current "antiterrorist" campaign is reminiscent of the government's attack on the left during the 1950s. "However one may feel about so-called 'terrorist' activities," she wrote in a letter to a friend this spring, "it is absolutely clear that the government activities are aimed primarily at deepening the patriotism, racism, anticommunism and antidemocratic procedures and are aimed at both politically mobilizing the people in a reactionary direction and at weakening the entire left." □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

A Prophecy, A Protest, A Priest

DANIEL SINGER

Recently, *The Economist* took out a full-page advertisement in the *Financial Times* of London boasting that it had predicted the coal miners' strike six years ago. Read today, the magazine's article is indeed impressive, but its authors had no unusual powers of divination. They merely quoted from a report by the Conservative Party's policy group on nationalized industries, issued on the eve of the party's 1979 electoral victory.

Foreseeing a confrontation with the unions, the report stated, "The eventual battle should be on the ground chosen by the Tories . . . the most likely battleground will be the coal industry." It then listed measures a Thatcher government should take in preparation for the offensive: "Build up maximum coal stocks . . . make contingency plans for the import of coal . . . introduce dual coal-oil firing in all power stations." It also recommended a scheme "to cut off money supply to the strikers," the establishment of "a large, mobile squad of police" to keep order and the recruitment of "good non-union drivers . . . to cross picket lines with police protection."

In their meticulous planning for the strike, the Tory strategists took everything into account—except the determination the miners have shown and the strength of their resistance. Production is down, the balance of trade adversely affected and the pound weakened, but the costly strike, now in its tenth month, continues.

The peddlers of the Thatcher line in the media have had the extraordinary cheek to place all the blame for the national calamity on Arthur Scargill, the miners' leader, who in their version is naturally being inspired by the Kremlin and supported by Muammar el-Qaddafi. In reality, the strike is a demonstration of the lengths and expense to which a capitalist government is willing to go to "teach the workers a lesson." Yet he who dares to speak of class struggle is accused of being a dangerous and silly leftist—so unfashionable, my dear, so terribly out of date.

To say that France was paralyzed by the strike of civil servants in October would be to exaggerate. Although planes were grounded, train service impaired and mail deliveries slowed to a trickle, the one-day action, called to dramatize demands for pay raises to keep pace with inflation, was hardly a success. In part, this was due to the reluctance of civil servants, who had voted massively for Mitterrand, to strike against "their" government. Also, because of the high rate of unemployment, the *fonctionnaires* feel somewhat guilty about what the general public considers to be their "pampered" status. When speaking of the privileged, the press seldom refers, say, to Marcel Dassault, the aircraft tycoon whose declared income is more than a thousand times the French minimum wage. Instead, it alludes to the postman, who earns just above the minimum. You see, the entrepreneur takes risks, while the postman is guaranteed job security. In the present climate of opinion, journalists find it is more advantageous to their careers to write that teachers or nurses should be grateful for their "privileged status," and accept a cut in real wages, than to condemn a society that breeds mass unemployment.

The most revealing comment on the strike was the headline in *Libération*, a trendy Paris daily founded by Maoists in 1973, which proclaimed, "*Aujourd'hui Moins d'Etat*" ("Less State Today"). No, the story was not designed to praise the government services—education and welfare and the like—of which people were deprived by the strike. Its Maoist origins long forgotten, *Libération* is a pillar of "modernity." It praises the *nouveaux philosophes* (the leftists of the 1960s who recanted and are now the new conservatives) and shares their belief that the private sector is the epitome of virtue, and the state, evil personified. But the headline unwittingly illustrated the absurdity of that view.

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent and the author of* The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

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There is much to be said about the welfare state, its assets and drawbacks. The capitalist establishment, for instance, must decide whether it can still afford transfer payments to those in need, which are so useful in easing social tensions. The left must ponder how to construct a different society in which the people have control over social services and can make them respond to their needs. There is also room for debate on the "unwithering" of the state. But if the left doesn't clearly define the state's role, if it doesn't distinguish administration from oppression, providing services from upholding class rule, the debate will be an empty one. Do the contemporary prophets of modernity, represented in the pages of *Libération*, really want to confine the state to the role of gendarme? Will they openly say that good education, good hospitals, good transport, should be available only to those who can pay for them? Occasionally a headline is a flashlight, illuminating old wares disguised as novelties.

West Germany has become Europe's school for scandal. The resignation of the leader of the Bundestag, the threat hanging over Chancellor Helmut Kohl, the proof that millionaire businessman Friedrich-Karl Flick paid off a leader of the Christian Democratic Union in 1973 to influence its choice of a successor, the Teutonic precision with which Herr Flick's accountant kept track of the money distributed since then to Bonn's political establishment—here you have all the ingredients for a splendid and ongoing story. The French papers did not miss this opportunity. *Libération* covered the Wassergate story well and without any patriotic smugness. It didn't deny that such a scandal could happen in France but asked whether it would be exposed.

If *Libération*'s reporting was good, its comments were strange, revealing how the political mood in France has changed in the past ten or fifteen years. Ten years ago the paper would have described the scandal as an example of capitalist corruption, the seamy side of a political system no longer triumphant but historically doomed. The editorial writer would have borrowed Brecht's famous dictum about the twilight of small thieves and the reign of big criminals ("What is it robbing a bank compared with setting up a bank?"). Today, the writer does not see the root of the trouble in money, he sees it in human nature, arguing that every country has its sinners. Well, not quite. Come to think of it, repression in Poland, injustice in the Soviet Union, tell us something about their societies, while corruption in Bonn or Washington tells us something about fallible humanity. Champions of the double standard, they see the crimes perpetrated by the Communist regime in Poland and are blind to those committed by a pro-Western government in Turkey. But sometimes they are unpleasantly surprised, as in the recent case of Jacques Abouchar, a French television reporter who was imprisoned in Afghanistan.

I was delighted when Abouchar, who had crossed the Afghan frontier illegally with the insurgents and had been arrested by the Russians, was released from his jail cell in Kabul. Popular pressure and the Soviet Union's desire not to spoil relations with France did the trick. But some of the

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conservatives who had hoped to use the journalist's arrest for propaganda purposes must have had a shock when they read his account of his experience in *Le Nouvel Observateur*. Since the American press did not reprint the article, I will quote from it at some length.

In the first place, Abouchar was astonished that so many people were shocked by his detention. What would have been the reaction in France if a *Pravda* correspondent had been caught with Corsican bomb-throwing protesters or with the rebels fighting France's client in Chad? he asked. "True, because we are a democracy, we would have simply sent him back to the Soviet Union. But our spontaneous reactions would have been the same as those of the Afghans and the Russians."

Seeking no excuses for the invaders, Abouchar did not idealize the resisters either. In his Kabul cell, he had more in common with the Communist with whom he talked about Saint-Simon and Toynbee than with the prisoners who, five times a day, prayed to Allah. "The invasion, that was unacceptable. But between the Afghan Communists and the ayatollahs, the former might still be preferable."

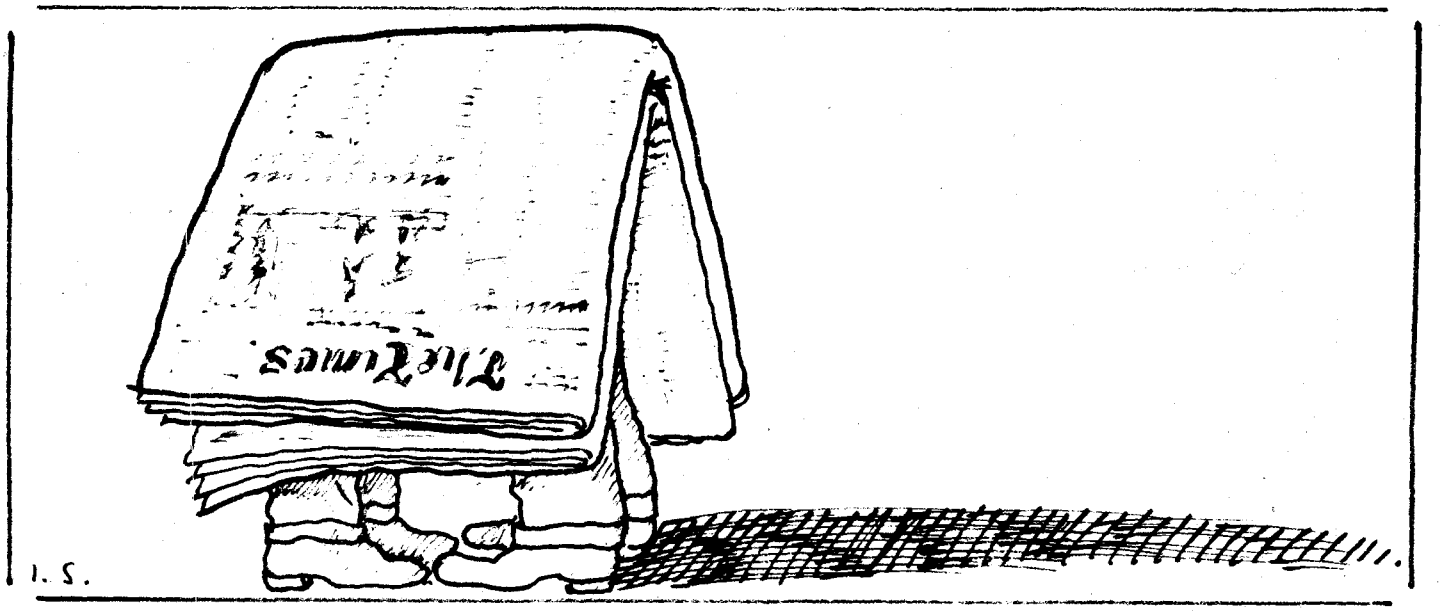
Don't misunderstand me. Abouchar, a socialist, is no fellow traveler. He has only contempt for the French C.P., which tried to blame the Afghans for the arrest and acted as if the Russians were not involved. That attitude, however, does not prevent him from telling the truth as he sees it: "The men of the principal resistance movement, financed and armed by Pakistan, are religious fanatics. They send a shiver down the spine." Or from noticing that nobody in France is really interested in Afghanistan: "The day after my return, I went shopping. People talked to me only about the gulag. This gives food for thought to someone who is trying above all to tell what he had actually seen and heard." There are times when one is not at all ashamed of belonging to the second-oldest profession.

Did a quarter-million or 400,000 people gather around Father Jerzy Popieluszko's coffin in Warsaw on November 3? They were a multitude, the equivalent of a crowd of more than a million in New York City, and they attested to the popularity of Solidarity, if not to its power.

Despite the arrests of three security policemen in connection with the murder of the pro-Solidarity cleric, the case is still shrouded in mystery. Why did the officers allow Popieluszko's driver, a potential witness, to escape if they intended to commit murder? Was the assassination premeditated or was the priest's death a "professional accident," the result of a beating? After all, the autopsy now officially admits that before being drowned, he was tortured. Were the culprits relying on protection higher up? If so, how high and how far? At this point we must switch to the political aspects of the affair, which raise another set of questions.

The first is for General Jaruzelski: Can one break the power of the secret police while preserving a police state? In his initial comment, Lech Walesa seemed to stress this dilemma, telling Jaruzelski, in effect, The plotters are your enemies as well as ours, so let's join together to fight them. In other words, Jaruzelski needs the popular support that only the labor movement can provide to stand up to his opponents in the government and their Soviet backers. But one might also ask Walesa a question: How can you cooperate with someone who does not want to talk to you, as the general has said repeatedly he does not? He is keen on a deal with Jozef Cardinal Glemp (who, incidentally, had criticized priests, mentioning no names, who become involved in secular affairs for not rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's). Walesa's critics within Solidarity, both under- and aboveground, insist that the movement flex its muscles by forming human rights committees to monitor the police and by staging token protest strikes. They, in turn, must answer a question: How does one apply effective pressure on the regime without crossing the Rubicon?

The Communist Party, now in uniform; the Catholic Church, with its varying shades of opinion; and Solidarity, with its opposing factions, are all agreed on one thing: the imperative need to avoid an explosion. But Walesa's critics do have a point. The government will bargain only if it is forced to do so. To paralyze an industry or the country as a



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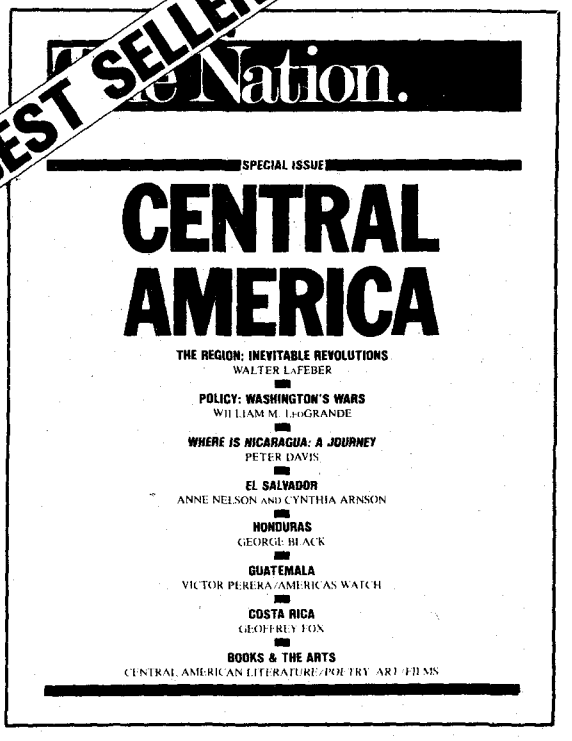

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whole is merely a beginning, yet the search for a constructive compromise will probably not be resumed until the workers show, as they did more than four years ago, that they can bring the country to a standstill. In historical terms, the burden of proof is thus placed, once again, on the shipwrights of Gdansk or the miners of Silesia. Miners here, miners there. To stress class struggle as a factor in the politics of Eastern as well as Western Europe really calls for the gaucherie of your unfashionable correspondent. □

India

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

for Indira was also the prelude to a terrible tragedy.

Because Indira believed that she derived power from the masses, she did not care who was in her party so long as they pledged absolute fealty to her. The party organization had been the work of Sanjay, who was essentially a political condottiere. The Congress-I Party ("I" for "Indira") he put together in 1978, after his mother resigned from the Indian National Congress, included gangs of thugs, who enjoyed kicking a political adversary in the teeth. So when Indira was shot, this cadre decided to wreak vengeance on the Sikh minority. For three days hoodlums ruled the streets of Delhi; their orgy of violence left nearly 1,000 dead.

When the rioting was in progress there was neither law nor order in India's capital. The police, having been instructed long ago not to cross the local Congress bosses, looked the other way as the goons hunted for and killed Sikhs. Their depredations were tantamount to a pogrom. So widespread was the lawlessness and so helpless did citizens feel that when the new Prime Minister restored minimal order, he was widely acclaimed for his calm firmness.

The question that remains unanswered, however, is whether Rajiv Gandhi's accession would have been so unhesitatingly accepted if there had been no riots. Moreover, had President Singh, himself a Sikh, shown the slightest reluctance about upholding Rajiv's claim, the Congress's goon squads would have stormed the presidential palace. As it was, the presidential motorcade was stoned on its way to the hospital where Indira died.

Where do India and Rajiv go from here? After Jawaharlal Nehru's death, India's U.N. ambassador V.K. Krishna Menon was asked a similar question, and he answered: "After Nehru, Nehru; meaning thereby the democratic processes." Unfortunately the same cannot be said about Indira Gandhi. Her legacy is far more dubious. Rajiv must reap what his mother sowed.

In a way she fell victim to the excesses of her own partisan politics. She dragged her feet for so long on the question of greater autonomy for Punjab that the Indian people no longer troubled to distinguish between extremist and moderate Sikhs. She failed to reach a political compromise with the Akali Dal (the Sikhs' political party) and then ordered

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the Indian Army to storm the Golden Temple of Amritsar, the holiest of Sikh shrines, to remove the terrorists ensconced there. That decision was a terrible mistake, whatever the provocation and justification for it. The Sikhs became totally alienated from the central government.

Her critics discerned an ulterior motive in her handling of the Punjab problem. They accused her of betraying her father's legacy of a secular state. During the elections for the Jammu and Kashmir Assembly in June 1983, she injected a strident anti-Moslem note into her rhetoric. When, after six months of dissembling, she used the army in Punjab, her party extolled her as a decisive leader and, by implication, a savior of the Hindus. As a result, right-wing Hindus were emboldened to talk about forming a Hindu state, and many Congress Party members agreed with the idea privately. The charge of "minority intransigence," long applied to the Moslems, has been extended to the Sikhs as well. The Hindus say their tolerance was mistaken for weakness, both by the Moslems and by the Sikhs, and now they are paying the price for it.

Because Indira's politics unleashed old sectarian passions, India faces the challenge of restoring its commitment to secularism, which has never been robust. Only a secular India can be democratic; a Hindu India would be a totalitarian India.

Another major departure Indira Gandhi made from the liberal path was her frequent resort to coercion. She first tasted blood during the emergency, which lasted from June 1975 to January 1977. In one of her last interviews, she spelled out the justification for that authoritarian interlude: "I felt if the Congress government was thrown out, there would have been chaos and that we would not have democracy." A disturbing corollary to that policy was the increasing use of the army in domestic political disputes. For some years now, the armed forces have been regularly dispatched to put down insurgencies in northeastern India and later Punjab.

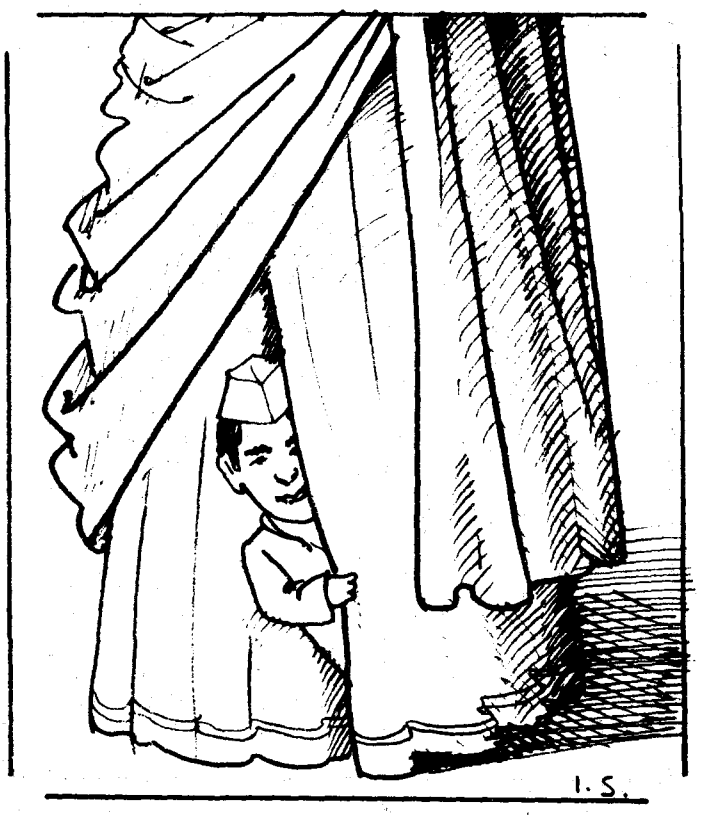
Because of her reliance on the army, Indira appointed complaisant generals. Last year the independent-minded Lieut. Gen. S.K. Sinha was denied the top command position he was in line for, and he chose to retire early. Senior officers find themselves drawn willy-nilly into intrigue and politicking. In the wake of the army deployment in Punjab, another ominous precedent was set when Lieut. Gen. R.S. Dayal was appointed to the Governor's Council as adviser in charge of home and security affairs. Following the communal rioting this month, a retired director general of the Border Security Force, a paramilitary organization, was appointed Officer on Special Duty in the Union Home Ministry. In addition, the task of guarding the new Prime Minister has been temporarily handed over to the army. It is only natural that the generals might be entertaining notions that the army is indispensable. The next step is for them to start thinking about the dispensability of civilians in government.

For now, Rajiv has been given the benefit of the doubt because of the opposition's ineffectuality and disunity, and because the establishment (especially in big business and the bureaucracy) perceives him as the best hope for a continuation of Indira's style of politics.

But he is confronted with a Hobson's choice. By temperament he should be impelled to purge the Congress Party of Sanjay's riffraff, but the instinct for survival warns him to rest on the safe and familiar arm of Indira loyalists. Already he has failed one test by not ordering a judicial probe into charges that Congress Party members abetted the recent communal violence in Delhi and other parts of the country.

What frightens knowledgeable Indians is Rajiv's cabal. These shadowy figures, who had been content to operate from behind Indira's sari, have insinuated themselves into respectable government positions. Rajiv himself was brought up in an environment of political unaccountability and a blurring of the distinction between government and party. His "boys" have had no experience of political give and take, and for them, constitutional niceties and democratic norms are merely theoretical, hence dispensable. They have the instincts of a Charles Colson and the ingenuity of a Howard Hunt.

Rajiv's problems can only increase. Indira had reduced the Congress Party to an instrument of her dynastic ambitions. Now that her objective has been so fortuitously achieved, Rajiv finds himself saddled with a badly divided party organization. Indira assiduously encouraged factionalism so that she would always be the final and only arbiter and dispenser of "justice." Those divisions served to extract loyalty from her followers, but they will be counterproductive in the elections scheduled for December 24. Rajiv's boys hope for a kind of tearful election, in which the people blindly entrust the destiny of this nation of 700 million to their candidate simply because his mother was killed by two madmen. They are clearly underestimating the average Indian voter, who is no fool. □



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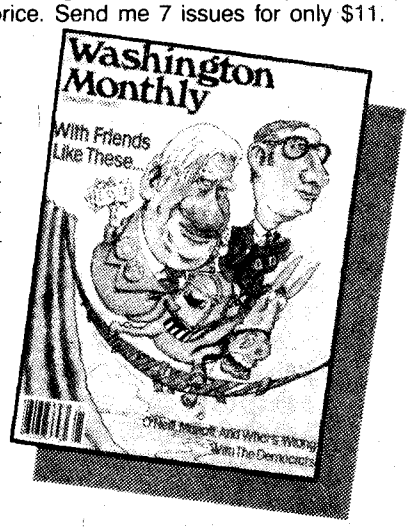

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Two Kennans

BARBARA KELLERMAN

CONTENDING WITH KENNAN: Toward a Philosophy of American Power. *By Barton Gellman. Praeger. 172 pp. $21.95.*

THE FATEFUL ALLIANCE: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War. *By George F. Kennan. Pantheon. 300 pp. $19.95.*

In an article on the legacy of the Monroe Doctrine that appeared in *The New York Times Magazine* in September, the historian Gaddis Smith quoted from a long report George Frost Kennan made to Secretary of State Dean Acheson in 1950:

> We cannot be too dogmatic about the methods by which local Communists can be dealt with. . . . Where the concepts and traditions of popular government are too weak to absorb successfully the intensity of Communist attack, then we must concede that harsh governmental measures of repression may be the only answer.

Such methods, Kennan continued, may be "preferable alternatives, and indeed the only alternatives, to further Communist successes." Calling this the Kennan corollary of 1950, Smith observed that it has run like a dark thread through more than a third of a century of American policy.

Only two weeks after Smith's essay appeared, *The New Yorker* published some "Reflections" by Kennan himself: two letters he had written to unnamed friends, one Russian, the other American. The contrast between these recent letters and the Kennan corollary of 1950 is striking. Now in his 80th year, Kennan has issued a plea for national self-awareness to help the two superpowers "avoid catastrophe." He urges his Russian friend to be wary of the Soviet "siege mentality" which, according to Kennan, has always distorted Soviet perceptions and afflicted their domestic and foreign policies. The American is pressed to rethink his perception of the Soviet Union as "the enemy," and to be suspicious of the American media for its portrayal of the Soviet Union in its "most terrible, desperate, and inhuman aspect."

As these letters and Smith's article indicate, Kennan, after five decades as a man of affairs, is still a considerable presence, at least in certain circles. They also, with their widely divergent points of view, remind us of the controversy that has bedeviled Kennan for much of his career. The problem, as Barton Gellman points out in his preface to *Contending With Kennan*, is that there are two George F. Kennans. In the 1940s and 1950s there was the Kennan of Smith's article—the practicing diplomat and cold-warrior who, in Gellman's words, "sounded alarms about the Soviets and plotted the strategy of 'containment.'" More recently, since the late 1970s, there has been the *New Yorker* Kennan—the dovish diplomatic historian whose writings consist mainly of old stories retold as contemporary lessons along with exhortations against nuclear arms.

According to conventional wisdom, the two Kennans are irreconcilable, but Gellman argues that that view is simply wrong. "My point of departure," Gellman writes, "is that Kennan has intended to be consistent in what he wrote and said, and that his claim to consistency should be taken seriously by readers who wish to understand him."

Gellman meets Kennan on his own ground. Like Kennan's work, *Contending With Kennan* is an intellectual exercise, short on personal asides and psychological insights and long on critical analysis. The book centers on three themes: Kennan's view of contemporary America and the American national interest; the role of morality in Kennan's *Weltanschauung*; and Kennan's opinions on the use and abuse of American power, especially in relation to the Soviet Union.

Kennan came closest to defining his view of the national interest in the late 1940s, when he wrote that the fundamental objectives of U.S. foreign policy must always be "to protect the security of the nation . . . and to advance the welfare of its people." But that apparently simple and straightforward assertion is misleading. For Kennan has been uncommonly ambivalent about his own country and, at the same time, unusually broad-minded about others.

Although he is clearly a patriot, Kennan's attitude toward late twentieth-century America is complicated. He is dismayed by "the obvious deterioration" of American life, and his despair is rooted in a general distress over the rapid disappearance of our natural resources, the crumbling of our traditional values and the tyranny of technology. He is equally disturbed by the incapacity of the American political system to generate a rational and consistent foreign policy. As Gellman puts it, "Democracy, from the operational standpoint, seems especially calculated to offend Kennan." Public opinion is simple-minded; Congress is clumsy; the Constitution needs revision; and good leadership can come only from an educated and well-practiced elite—in Kennan's view, a disappearing breed. "Here then," writes Gellman, "is Kennan's America: selfish, vulgar, mechanized beyond nature's recognition, materialistic, undisciplined . . . and getting worse." Of course, he is also contemptuous of those who describe the Soviet Union as an "evil empire."

Kennan's position on the role of morality in world affairs is a logical consequence of his tendency to look at the world through gray-colored glasses. Since America is not all that good nor the Soviet Union all that bad, since international disputes are so complicated, so deeply rooted in historical ambiguities and uncontrollable forces, any attempt at moral judgment is futile. Since the moral questions are so difficult to resolve in international life, Kennan argues that our primary responsibility is to keep the world intact physically. It is to this end that our political and military strength must be addressed.

Kennan insists that even in the cold war era, he never intended the United States to employ military force except as a last resort, and then only by conventional means. After World War II Kennan sought a return to the multipolar balance that characterized the period before World War I. He has always insisted that the job of safeguarding Western interests in the world should

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Barbara Kellerman is the author of The Political Presidency: Practice of Leadership From Kennedy Through Reagan *(Oxford University Press).*

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not be ours alone but should be shared by America's allies.

Kennan's original view on the use of force was based on his conviction that the Soviet leadership was unwilling to risk all-out war. Thus, even in the era of containment during the mid-1940s, Kennan urged, in Gellman's words, "considerable circumspection" about the use of arms. Today, Kennan's views are simpler. Calculations about Soviet intentions are, to him, virtually irrelevant: the certain catastrophe of nuclear war means that we must be willing to undertake a bold and sweeping departure from past practice. He has suggested, for example, that we propose to the Soviet government "an immediate across-the-boards reduction by 50 percent of the nuclear arsenals now being maintained by the two superpowers." As Gellman points out, Kennan has always distinguished between the use of force and the use of pressure, and "pressure" was Kennan's term for a whole range of foreign policy instruments, including political, psychological and economic measures short of war.

Gellman's book is welcome both as analysis and synthesis. I remain unconvinced that Kennan has, in fact, been "consistent in what he wrote and said," but I am equally unconvinced that that matters. Is it necessarily wrong, or bad, to see things in one light at 40 and in another at 70 or 80? In any event, if Gellman fails to make his case for consistency airtight, he is a skilled navigator of the tributaries of Kennan's political thought.

On only one count does Gellman miss the mark. He chides Kennan for sounding tired, for losing touch, for being pessimistic, especially about the West. He writes that three decades ago, Kennan already had his doubts about America's capacity to solve its urgent internal problems. "Now he doubts no longer: it cannot." And he concludes his book with the following reprimand:

> Kennan's values are showing their years. . . . To ponder [restoring the past] is inevitably to tempt despair and to conclude, as Kennan essentially has, that the world is spoiled, like last week's groceries, and might just as well be tossed out with the trash. Surely, that is more crotchety than thoughtful.

To be sure, there is evidence in Kennan's own words for Gellman's assessment that he is an old man who has, by and large, given up on us: for example, in his statement that "this country is destined to succumb to failures which cannot be other than tragic and enormous in their scope." And yet . . . Does someone who has thrown in the towel still write, as Kennan did recently in *The New Yorker*, "The faith is there. It has to be there, for it rests on a sense of relentless necessity as well as naïve longing. Without it, this letter would not have been written." This is eloquent testimony to a hope that, although clearly dimmed, flickers still.

Why else the history lesson in Kennan's new book, *The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War*? This is volume two in a projected three-volume study of the Franco-Russian relationship during the four decades preceding the Great War. Part one, *Decline of Bismarck's European Order: Franco-Russian Relations 1875-1890*, is not in fact about the European order in general but rather, as the subtitle indicates, about Franco-Russian relations between 1875 and 1890. The present volume continues the story, concluding with the Franco-Russian Alliance of 1894. Kennan writes that the third part will carry the tale from 1894 to the total collapse of the alliance during the Russian Revolution.

As Kennan notes in *The New Yorker*, he has been "observing Soviet affairs in one capacity or another for some fifty-five years." Thus, on one level, his decision late in life to undertake a major historical study of Franco-Russian relations at the turn of the century can be seen as an extension into the more distant past of a lifelong occupation. On another level, this book continues his habit of drawing from the past on behalf of the present.

Kennan's *Decline of Bismarck's European Order* concludes with the warning that war in our age would be "apocalyptically destructive" to "millions of innocent bystanders, and to the entire civilization of which they form a part," and with the hope that this truth will be reinforced by the examination of mistakes made nearly a century ago. (In his review of the book for *The Times Literary Supplement*, A.J.P. Taylor noted dryly, "Many historians have had similar hopes. No statesman has taken any notice of them.")

The same history lesson is spelled out even more clearly in *The Fateful Alliance*. Kennan writes that in the story of the negotiation of the Franco-Russian Alliance:

> One sees how the unjustified assumption of war's likelihood could become the cause of its final inevitability. One sees the growth of military-technological capabilities to levels that exceed man's capacity for making any rational and intelligent use of them. One sees how the myopia induced by indulgence in the mass emotional compulsions of modern nationalism destroys the power to form any coherent, realistic view of true national interest. One sees, finally, the inability of otherwise intelligent men to perceive the inherently self-destructive quality of warfare among the great industrial powers of the modern age.

Kennan scarcely needs to add, but does, that in the nuclear age we cannot afford to repeat that performance, lest we prepare, this time, "a catastrophe from which there can be no recovery and no return."

Ironically, though, *The Fateful Alliance* does little to reassure us that we will do better this time around. It is not a question of malevolent statesmen willfully ignoring the past. It is, rather, that Kennan demonstrates all too vividly both the myopia of clever men and the lethal incrementalism that ultimately brings them to a place they never intended to go.

What distinguishes Kennan's history from the many other accounts of Europe in the years before World War I is the rich detail of his tapestry. In this volume, by focusing on the relationship between France and Russia over only a four year period and drawing freely from archival materials such as letters, notes, accounts of face-to-face talks, diaries and memorandums drawn up by some of the leading actors, he is able to reconstruct for us the interpersonal activity that constitutes history. That is not to say he gives short shrift to the stage on which the actors perform. To the contrary, Kennan provides a strong sense of France and Russia in the last decade of the nineteenth century. But it is the actors themselves who are at the heart of his narrative.

On the Russian side, the three major characters were Czar Alexander III, a "huge, ponderous, taciturn man," somewhat tired but still "fully aware of his power and his responsibility"; Alexander's Foreign Minister, Nikolai Karlovich Giers, whom Kennan refers to as "probably the most seasoned and able statesman of his time in Europe, after

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Bismarck"; and Gen. Nikolai Nikolayevich Obruchev, for whom, as for his French counterpart, Raoul le Mouton de Boisdeffre, the alliance between France and Russia "may be said to have been a life's work." The other major figures on the French side were Charles de Freycinet, a "superbly competent" politician and administrator who assumed the premiership in the spring of 1890; Alexandre Ribot, Freycinet's Foreign Minister, a man of "complete and widely recognized integrity," endowed as well with "intellectual powers of a very high order"; and Sadi Carnot, the French President who all along had taken a special interest in the possibility of an alliance with Russia and "did all in his power to further the project."

Kennan argues that preliminary exchanges between France and Russia during the summer of 1890, as well as Germany's curious inattention to their budding relationship, set the stage for a Franco-Russian alliance. By the time that summer was over, each of the leading actors—with the notable exception of Giers—supported the idea of a formal tie between the two countries.

The Fateful Alliance proceeds to trace the diplomatic maneuvering among the various players that culminated in a contractual arrangement. The jousting is reminiscent of an ungainly and difficult courtship. There were times when both the French and the Russians refused to budge, each waiting for the other to take the next step. At one point the momentum was provided by Alexander's urgent desire for an alliance, while at another, it was Freycinet who acted the anxious suitor while the Czar played hard to get.

Kennan is particularly struck by the inability of even this gifted cast to foresee the consequences of their actions. Locked in a mating dance, they failed to transcend the passions of the moment. Kennan repeatedly remarks on how obtuse the Russians were about the realities of the post-Bismarck era, on how they pursued "in the most extreme isolation and secrecy a project rooted in a world that was rapidly ceasing to exist." Unlike the Russians, French officials at least had the comfort of knowing that the Franco-Russian Alliance had the overwhelming support of their people. Perhaps as a result of that consensus, they never questioned, any more than did Alexander and Obruchev, the wisdom of their choices. They did not demand that the alliance—a military con-

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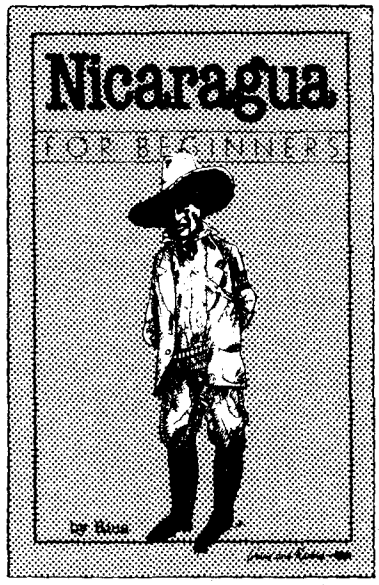

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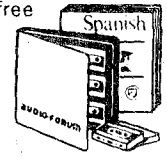

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vention—have an underlying political rationale; nor did they entertain the possibility that preparing for war may in fact make war inevitable.

This most recent of Kennan's cautionary tales about the disastrous effects of mindless war games recalls the Kennan enigma: Why is it that the work of the early Kennan, the cold-warrior, has remained influential in Washington for forty years, while the later Kennan, the thinking man's dove, has been all but locked out of the policy-making process? Surely this is so because Kennan evokes the past; our policy-makers hurdle into the future. He is ambivalent; they are convinced. He tends to be obsessed with maintaining the peace; they tend to be obsessed with winning the war. More's the pity. For to have Kennan's voice confined to the groves of academe, and to liberal circles just beyond, is to make him inaudible where he most needs to be heard. □

Bad Faith

ARYEH NEIER

THE ABANDONMENT OF THE JEWS: America and the Holocaust 1941-1945. *By David S. Wyman. Pantheon. 444 pp. $19.95.*

Reports that the Nazis had implemented a program to exterminate the Jews of Europe reached Switzerland by the end of July 1942 and arrived in the United States one month later. Over the next three months evidence accumulated, and by November 1942 the early reports had been confirmed beyond any reasonable doubt. On November 24 the most prominent Jewish leader in the United States, Rabbi Stephen Wise, held a press conference in Washington to disclose what was known, and he followed it the next day with one in New York City. As David Wyman tells us in *The Abandonment of the Jews*, Wise's disclosure "was not a major story anywhere." The Jewish-owned *Washington Post*, which had received, along with other newspapers, a telegram from Wise calling for editorials against the slaughter (the word "genocide" had yet to be invented), wrote nothing on the matter but found space soon after to run five editorials on the Coconut Grove nightclub fire in Boston.

David Wyman has written a superb book. It is meticulously documented, lucidly written and fair in its judgments, and argues its case with controlled passion. Wyman identifies three factors which led the United States to abandon the Jews of Europe (despite full knowledge of what that abandonment would mean): anti-Semitism; a sense of helplessness; and—particularly in the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt and some of his advisers, including such Jewish advisers as Judge Samuel Rosenman—fear of being branded as pro-Jewish. In addition, the British government, which sought to keep Jews from escaping to Palestine so as not to antagonize the Arabs, used its influence to prevent their rescue.

Of these factors, anti-Semitism was, of course, paramount, although those who abandoned the Jews did not want them killed. Those who resisted rescue proposals did so because they did not want to find places in America for these Jews—even though that would not have required adjusting restrictions on immigration. As Wyman points out, 90 percent of the quota for people from Axis-controlled European countries—nearly 190,000 openings—"went unused while the mass murder of European Jewry ran its course."

Wyman systematically demolishes the worn excuses for our failure to rescue the Jews of Europe, including those that have frequently been offered for not bombing the gas chambers at Auschwitz or the rail lines that took the Jews to the death camps. He makes it plain that wherever there was a genuine will to save Jews, Jews were saved. Wyman credits the War Refugee Board—which Franklin Roosevelt got around to establishing in January 1944 and which never received cooperation from some crucial government agencies, like the War Department—with saving the lives of some 200,000 European Jews. And he recounts the well-known stories, including that of Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg, whose extraordinary efforts saved the lives of at least 20,000—and possibly as many as 100,000—Jews in Hungary.

Above all Wyman's book is a powerful indictment of those who were in a position to make themselves heard about the disaster under way. In the press, he reports, only *The Nation* and *The New Republic* consistently championed the cause of the Jews of Europe. For the major daily newspapers, the national magazines and even the journals sponsored by various religious groups it was neither a major story nor an editorial cause. In government, a few individuals—Henry Morgenthau Jr., Myron Taylor, Herbert Pell and a Bloomingdale's executive named Ira Hirschmann, who undertook missions for the War Refugee Board—did their best, but they rarely surmounted the indifference and hostility of the State Department. It was the same elsewhere; not everyone who might have made a difference abandoned the Jews of Europe but most did. Even much of the organized Jewish community failed to perform as well as it should have; other agendas, personal and institutional rivalries and, possibly, fear of an anti-Semitic backlash diminished its effectiveness. With the exception of Emanuel Celler, the Jews who served in Congress were of little or no help. The most powerful of them, Sol Bloom, "seemed most of all concerned to use his post as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee to win the esteem of the State Department elite."

William Shawcross's *The Quality of Mercy*, which discusses the world's response to the starvation of Cambodians as a result of Khmer Rouge rule, has recently been published by Simon & Schuster, and one can only hope that the appearance of these two books when the world has discovered the famine in Ethiopia will help stimulate systematic thought about the way we respond to man-made catastrophes. What Wyman and Shawcross make clear is that nothing much gets done until a disaster is transformed into a DISASTER—an event that moves from page 12 to page 1. In the case of the Holocaust, that never happened. In the case of the Cambodian holocaust, in part because of the world's guilt for its inattention to the Holocaust, it did happen—at least briefly. Nevertheless, institutional and political considerations shaped much of the rescue effort and subtracted from its value. In the case of Ethiopia, the critical first step of capturing world attention has been overcome. But whether

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the charitable response that has been evoked will be translated into effective humanitarian assistance remains to be seen. Moreover, the next great disaster may never make it to the front page or the evening news, just like—to cite one example—the cataclysmic events in East Timor, which remain largely unknown.

David Wyman has written a first-rate history. He has provided a small measure of redress to the Jews of Europe by making clear why they were abandoned and who abandoned them. And he has helped us to think about our responsibilities in responding to catastrophes to come. □

THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

Accidental Death of an Anarchist
Pacific Overtures

The anarchist in question was a real one, a railway worker named Giuseppe Pinelli, and his death wasn't accidental. He was arrested in 1969 in Milan for a bank bombing that was actually the work of neo-Fascists. Then he was pushed from a fourth-floor window of police headquarters. I know all this because I once belonged to a concerned citizens' group called the Bakuninist Youth League, which took a serious interest in the Pinelli affair. Twenty-five Bakuninist Youths went to the United Nations one day to protest the cover-up and the further persecution of Pinelli's comrade, an innocent ballet dancer named Valpreda. We were met by a policeman who wanted to speak to our leader. We were against leaders. He wanted to know who we were demonstrating for. We were demonstrating *against* the Italian government. "For, against—it means the same to me," he said, and directed us to the proper legation. That was a Fo-ian moment. We chanted "Free Valpreda" to the legation staff. We stole a case of wine. There really wasn't much we could do for the cause of Italian justice.

Dario Fo's play about the case, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, ran on Broadway for two weeks, and though knowledge of the affair wasn't necessary to enjoy the doings on stage, perhaps in a larger sense it was helpful. You had to believe in your bones that terrible things can happen. You had to be open to the radical message. There was no point in arriving at the theater dressed in one's spacesuit of American innocence. The plot is simple enough. A madman named Antonio A. Antonio, who compulsively impersonates policemen, psychiatrists and all manner of officials, stumbles into the police cover-up of Pinelli's murder. He impersonates a high court judge, conducts his own investigation, leads the police through a re-enactment of their preposterous explanations, makes them sing revolutionary songs and do other crazy things—and eventually meets a defenestrative fate all his own.

Behind which lies something else: a social criticism as anarchistic as anything Pinelli could have wished to see on stage. It is the criticism you find in Proudhon or, yes, Bakunin, the criticism that says under a ruling class and a state, black is white and white is black: lawyers serve crime, not law, investments make poverty, not wealth, civil servants rule, don't serve and government insures chaos, not order. Antonio is a comic figure and a lot of this comes out funny. "It's a hard world out there. People are mean. They drive cars. They honk horns. They vote." What is the purpose of government scandals, he wonders. To stabilize the state by amusing the people. And either Antonio A. Antonio is a raving lunatic for saying such things, or a raving model of sanity.

It's true that the "mad" quality of Antonio A. Antonio sometimes led merely to madcap cavortings and predictable shticks, especially when the play, in Richard Nelson's adaptation, flung Wiffle balls at American targets. The Presidential campaign debates were mocked. Reagan's naps were noted. His speech about driving down the California highway and thinking about what to put in a time capsule and never getting to the end of that particular story was satirized at length. A sendup of Archbishop John J. O'Connor did nothing more than tug vaguely at the man's sacerdotal robes. A reference to Gerald Ford crept by, and you realized that some of these Wiffle balls were very old and tired. It's hard to see why the American adaptation didn't stick to the Pinelli case, since the role of the C.I.A. in right-wing Italian terrorism has, to my knowledge, never been fully explored. Italian anar-

"A broadside against those who weep crocodile tears at the iron laws of economic necessity."

Robert L. Heilbroner's cover review in *The Washington Post Book World* continues, "If Kuttner is correct, as I think he is.... For a quarter of a century our country has been losing its preeminence in many aspects of its social performance, from justice to efficiency. THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION offers both a diagnosis for that wasting illness and a regimen to overcome it."

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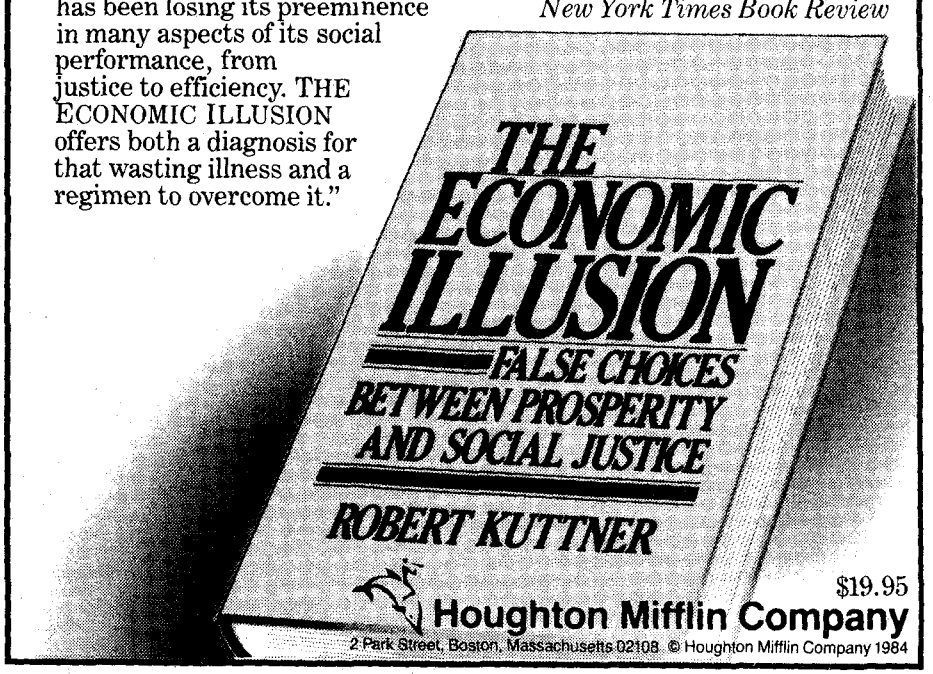
—Barry P. Bosworth, *New York Times Book Review*



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chists had no role at all in killing the passers-by at the Milan railroad station, but the U.S. government, through its ultra-right connections, may conceivably have played a part. At least, such charges were made at the time.

But the play barely glanced at these possibilities, and then went on to lampoon the Presidential naps. Which is to say that just as the humor in the strictly Italian part of the play drew on a political philosophy, that of proletarian anarchism, so did the humor in the American part, only the philosophy here was American liberalism, which tends toward self-congratulation. See how bold we are, this humor meant to say. See how we can laugh at our President. See how broad-minded and self-deflating liberals can be. Give us a hand! And that kind of comedic wimpishness strode around the stage arm in arm with the real Fo-ian stuff.

But where have I read this criticism of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, the criticism that says the satire was too soft and mushy? It was in *The New York Times*. *The Times* was severe on *Accidental Death*. So here was a play that, at least in its Italian half, was extremely radical, cutting, hilarious in its ferocious criticisms—here was such a play hooted down for being insufficiently radical. By the world's largest left-wing newspaper. Julian Beck ought to have given that newspaper's drama reviewer a good yank. Nor was *The Times* alone in taking a hard line. The film critic of the *National Review*, in his capacity as *New York*'s theater reviewer, felt equally disappointed at how easily society was let off. These critics want to see scathing radicalism on the stage. Nothing denatured for them. The play threw both shticks and stones in their direction, but they never noticed the stones, and they came away announcing that Dario Fo isn't halfway radical enough for their taste. And the lights have gone down at the Belasco Theatre.

Well, I am sorry for it. The fault of course isn't just the reviewers'. Richard Nelson was indeed not the writer for an American adaptation, as everyone has been saying. And surely it was a mistake to bring the play to Broadway. The night I was there, the audience wasn't really a Broadway audience, anyway. It was younger, not so straight. It was the kind of audience that feels more comfortable downtown. But even in an uptown house, that audience liked *Accidental Death*, so far as I could judge. Jonathan Pryce made a fine Antonio, especially when he was allowed to improvise and camp it up, which was perhaps not often enough. The man is extremely funny. If only more people could have seen him!

At least a civil liberties battle was won in regard to *Accidental Death*—right? The State Department, which kept Fo out of the country for four years because of his subversive views, was forced to let him in by the manifest ridiculousness of keeping him out. But the uproar over his subversiveness raised expectations so high that the man would have to run around roaring and biting people to make the battle over his visa appear justified. The most influential critics didn't feel roared at or bitten, however. They felt let down, and as a result the play closed. So who won in the end: civil liberties or the government?

While in my Fo-ian mood, let me ask, What kind of political-minded theater does *The New York Times* prefer, given that anarchism is too tepid? One would have to say, *The New York Times* prefers Stephen Sondheim. *The Times Magazine* has devoted two major articles to Sondheim in less than a year, not to mention the praise he has received on the theater page and again in the December *Atlantic* by another of the *Times* critics. *The Times* thinks even higher of Stephen Sondheim than of Jerzy Kosinski. Sondheim's principal mood, one would have to say, is surly resentment. *Sunday in the Park with George* offers surly resentment on behalf of upper-class snobbery. *Pacific Overtures*, revived at the Promenade, is said to provide a complex view of Japanese history, but to my mind offers the same surly resentment on behalf of imperialism, Western and Japanese. The play manages to be vulgar and leaden, too. *Pacific Overtures* features some good costumes and choreography by Sondheim's collaborators. But the music and, worst of all, the lyrics are by Sondheim himself, against whom radical criticisms are never advanced. □

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FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Stranger Than Paradise
Repo Man

Forgettable for so many reasons, Akron, Ohio, is nevertheless memorable as the seedbed of devolution theory and practice in America. It was there that the sadosynthetic rock group Devo began its long (and profitable) march backward from civility. And there, too, filmmaker Jim Jarmusch was born into the world of postindustrial decay and social entropy, of rotting rubber plants and minimal expectations. Ever since Darwin, we have been assured that genetic destiny moves man and nature always upward to higher planes of be-

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ing. The lesson of Akron is that the destiny is problematic and the direction, distinctly reversible.

It would be hard to imagine life more devolved, entropic and minimal than on the plane Jarmusch projects in *Stranger Than Paradise*, an entirely original and deftly funny document about attitudes and ironies far off the beaten track of evolution. The three principals—Willie and Eddie, punk hustlers and layabouts on New York's Lower East Side, and Willie's teen-age cousin Eva, a visitor from Hungary—are utterly out of touch: with each other, with the environment they occupy and, of course, with themselves. They engage in a few social rituals. They watch TV, go to the movies, play poker and the horses, drive cars, visit relatives. But there is no content to their activity, no connection to their contacts. Their lives are not only bleak; they are blank.

The three travel from Manhattan to Cleveland to Florida, but the change of scenery provides no relief from the blankness of their stare. "Isn't it amazing," Eddie (Richard Edson) says to Willie (John Lurie), "how you can go somewhere else and it looks just the same?" In fact, everything looks like Hungary, or at least like some version of the Western stereotype of Iron Curtain drabness. That, of course, is one of Jarmusch's jokes, the "reversal of expectations" that he told one interviewer was at the heart of his film. We expect violence, sex or, perhaps, romance; but nothing ever happens. We expect Florida to be paradise, or even purgatory; but it turns out to be "really pretty much like Cleveland with a different kind of vegetation," as Jarmusch put it. We expect to see what the characters see—the movie, the television program, the horse race, Lake Erie—but our hopes are always dashed.

The isolation of the characters, the claustrophobia of their ecology and the blankness of their vision are ingeniously captured by Jarmusch's style of movie-making. Working with black and white stock, he made each short scene (some last only a few seconds, and none are longer than a few minutes) a self-contained unit, shot in one take from a usually stationary camera, with no cutting and no fade-outs. The scenes are separated in space and time by blackness—blankness—with only bits of sound to smooth what are supposed to be abrasive and disturbing transitions. The effect is rather like a mixture of Diane Arbus's photographs and Ozu's movies (that classic of the fixed camera *Tokyo Story* gets an explicit mention in Jarmusch's dialogue): bonsai gothic, Hungarian style.

Except for two (unexpected) plot turns near the end of the movie, nothing very interesting happens to the threesome. Eva (Eszter Balint) works in a build-your-own-hotdog stand for a while, and Willie and Eddie make some money cheating at cards. But Jarmusch is more interested in attitude than action. The sensibility he shows is what passes, I suppose, for the mood of a generation, at least that part of it that derives from the burnt-out bohemias of Lower Manhattan. Vacant like the city blocks and empty like the tenement hallways, it is a culture without expectations, connections or visible motivations. Living there is being there. Solipsism is the only ism in vogue, and it's hard to organize a movement around that blank ideology. Somebody or something has removed many of the beautiful and enlivening elements from the frame of life. No color, no charm, no warmth, no work or faith fills in the blanks between a few material items. Coffee mugs and silent air conditioners take on enormous meaning. What's stranger than anything is that fate or luck is always available, against all odds and expectations, to intervene and make a whole new scene after the blackout.

One of the best things about *Stranger Than Paradise* is the total absence of yuppie characters, values and equipment from the screen. It is not easy to find such relief these days, but Jim Jarmusch is clear that he does not want to make movies "about people with career aspirations." As he says, "All my films will be about . . . people who are outside the career hustle. . . . You get money by cheating, by tricking, by chance—not by devoting your life to it." *Repo Man*, which teeters on the same generational cusp as *Stranger Than Paradise*, is yuppieless too, and that counts for a lot. The action here takes place around the automobile repossession business, which is certainly a hustle but hardly a career. A young dropout from the slam-dancing, Mohawk-haircut set (Emilio Estevez) stumbles into the repo scene by chance and soon is involved in a science fiction fantasy (aliens in the trunk of a '64 Chevy Malibu) that is stranger than *Stranger*.

Director Alex Cox is hip to some of the same attitudes as Jarmusch, but he has not an ounce of control and precious few ideas. As a result, *Repo Man* is fun but not funny, amusing but not interesting. There's color and sex, and Cox fills his frames with the hot items of California consumerism, for the new wave in the Sun Belt is splashier than its analogue in the Northeast. But senselessness has to make sense in a movie, and others have conveyed the post-surfer punk mentality better than this. (See, for instance, Penelope Spheeris's weird *Suburbia* for the real thing.) *Repo Man* does have the last word about the California car culture. An aging, acid-besotted hippie explains to the new waver that he doesn't drive. The kid looks incredulous. "The more you drive," the hippie explains, "the less intelligent you are." That may go for filmmakers as well. □

ROBERT HATCH

François Truffaut, 1932-1984

"Like a novelist," François Truffaut once said, "I can survive after I am gone, only if my films exist." Now he is gone, at the age of 52, and only days after his death a Truffaut festival was held in New York City, showing thirteen of his movies in two weeks.

As a retrospective, this exhibit was hardly definitive. For reasons of copyright, his two most celebrated films, *The Four Hundred Blows* and *Jules and Jim*, were absent, and one felt that the collection had been put together from what was easily at hand. No matter; the tribute made vivid the quality of his work, and there will be other Truffaut festivals in the years ahead. I suspect he believed that he would survive, and he was right.

Movie buffs revere different directors for different reasons; Truffaut is the one for whom many feel the greatest affection. They like him for what they see as his sunny disposition and for the modesty of his attack. He makes no grandiose statements, strikes no heroic attitudes. His films are intimate; often they seem almost impromptu, as though

Robert Hatch was, until his retirement, executive editor and film critic of The Nation.

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he had happened on a situation that offered a new clue to the human puzzle and used the simplest possible means to spread the word. And he seems always to be enjoying himself, which in an artist is the most endearing of qualities.

Truffaut was a prankish sort of man, given occasionally to catching his audience, to say nothing of his characters, off base. *Day for Night*, his movie about making a movie, is a *trompe l'oeil* amusement park. He delighted in the gadgetry of high technology, often putting his principals in exotic jobs for the esoteric fun of it. How would you know that tanker captains take refresher courses in scale-model vessels on artificial ponds if they were not shown doing so in *The Woman Next Door*? They look as large as Gulliver.

We came to assume that Truffaut would never repeat himself and that whatever the genre of his latest film—comedy, melodrama, farce, romance, tragedy—he would give the form an exhilarating twist. However, when you see a number of his pictures within a few days, you realize that there is more to his work than novelty, high spirits, adroit characterization and superlative camera technique. Truffaut had a light touch and a confiding manner, but he was not entirely at ease with himself. His films, even the most frivolous of them, get under your skin because, while beguiling his audience, he was also exorcising his demon.

That demon was love, the love between men and women. The problem that plagued him appears most obviously in the series of pictures that began with *The Four Hundred Blows* and continued throughout his career, always with Jean-Pierre Leaud in the role of Antoine. The initial film ends with a shot that freezes Antoine in flight toward the sea, a device so enthusiastically adopted by other directors that for a time one half expected that every movie would cop out in a postcard farewell. Truffaut, however, was not evading a conclusion; he was signaling that he was not done with Antoine, who, in considerable part, is himself. A sadly abused, unloved boy when first we meet him, Antoine grows into a morose, clownishly impulsive, wistfully aspiring and ever-dissatisfied pursuer of a series of women.

In succeeding pictures—the recent festival showed him in *Stolen Kisses*, *Day for Night* and *Love on the Run*—Antoine chases a bliss that always escapes his grasp. Though he frequently runs his prey to bed, affection of any duration eludes him. The Leaud films are farces, and indeed very funny, but as one follows another they also become increasingly sad. As a friend of his remarks in one of the films, "Antoine is always on the run."

The ultimate expression of this problem is *The Man Who Loved Women*, which is not a Leaud picture. It is constructed in flashbacks as the memoir of a latter-day Casanova, and since womanizing is the dreariest of avocations, it is the one Truffaut picture that bores me. Yet if one assumes that in it the filmmaker is, to some degree, berating himself, it becomes chilling.

Elsewhere, Truffaut's preoccupation with thwarted love took more terrible forms. *The Bride Wore Black* is a melodrama, a salute to Hitchcock; *The Story of Adele H.* is a historical romance, Adele being the daughter of Victor Hugo; *The Woman Next Door* is a domestic tragedy; *The Green Room* is a Gothic tale derived from Henry James's "The Beast in the Jungle" and "The Altar of the Dead." Each of these stories is different from the next, but in all of them, love has been distorted into death or madness. Even *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me*, which is comic-strip nonsense about a floozy and a professor, ends in an act of treachery that sticks in your throat. It is true that usually in fiction love is at least hedged about, since if unvexed it does not make for very stimulating drama. Even so, Truffaut's reluctance to let his lovers survive their love is at surprising odds with the memory of him as a lovable man. The answer, I suppose, is to be found in his affection for, and identification with, the doomed protagonists of his tales. Among the pictures shown at the festival, the only one that does not treat love as a lethal fascination is *The Last Metro*, a backstage thriller and romantic triangle set in Paris during the Nazi occupation. At its end the amorous conflict is at least ambiguously resolved.

A second vein in Truffaut's work is his response to children. No one directs them with greater delight or respect. They show up in almost all his films, busy with their own affairs, always noticed, never patronized. *Small Change* and *The Wild Child* are specifically about the young. The first is a homage to childhood. The kids tumble about like pebbles in a stream; they organize

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into threes and fours, hatching schemes, crowing over triumphs, nursing hurts. One of them, perhaps an Antoine in embryo, is seized with an inarticulate passion for the wife of the local hairdresser. Although the plot, what little there is of it, centers on a boy who hides the fact that he is being beaten by the slatterns of his family, one mainly remembers the film as a kaleidoscope of innocence before the fall into maturity.

The Wild Child tells the familiar story of a child found in the forest, where he lives like an animal—naked, speechless, filthy and fierce as a ferret. In this case the boy is taken in hand by a doctor (Truffaut) who, alone among his colleagues, thinks him to be normal and capable of living in human society. The doctor notices that whereas the boy seems deaf to loud or sharp noises, he will start at a rustle. It is a subtlety typical of Truffaut, who always assumes that his viewers are alert.

The Wild Child is a study of innocence on two levels. The boy is innocent by definition: he knows nothing except how to survive in the animal world. The doctor is innocent because the film is set in a time before behavior patterns, learning processes or the workings of the subconscious had received systematic attention. He has nothing to guide him save compassion, patience and logic, and progress is slow with his enigmatic, sometimes frightening charge. But the man and the boy teach each other, and the process is a joy to watch. Visually, too, the film is a joy. Part of Truffaut's artistry is that the beauty of his work rarely calls attention to itself, though you may become aware that you are seeing more clearly, and with greater pleasure, than usual. However, in *The Wild Child* the eighteenth-century setting, the quiet elegance of manners, dress and speech, take silent part in the drama, giving the film the magic of a fossil leaf caught in amber. This is an unalloyed story of love, the moral being that its essence is trust.

Of the films shown at the festival, that leaves only *Shoot the Piano Player*. It is Truffaut's gangster movie—funny, violent, amoral, ironic, tragic and, for the spectator, happily exhausting. Charles Aznavour, in the title role, underplays his quick wits and reluctant bravery. As in *Day for Night*, Truffaut is larking joyously with the medium. Or almost joyously: the piano player is a man in love, and twice in succession, love trips him by the heels. □

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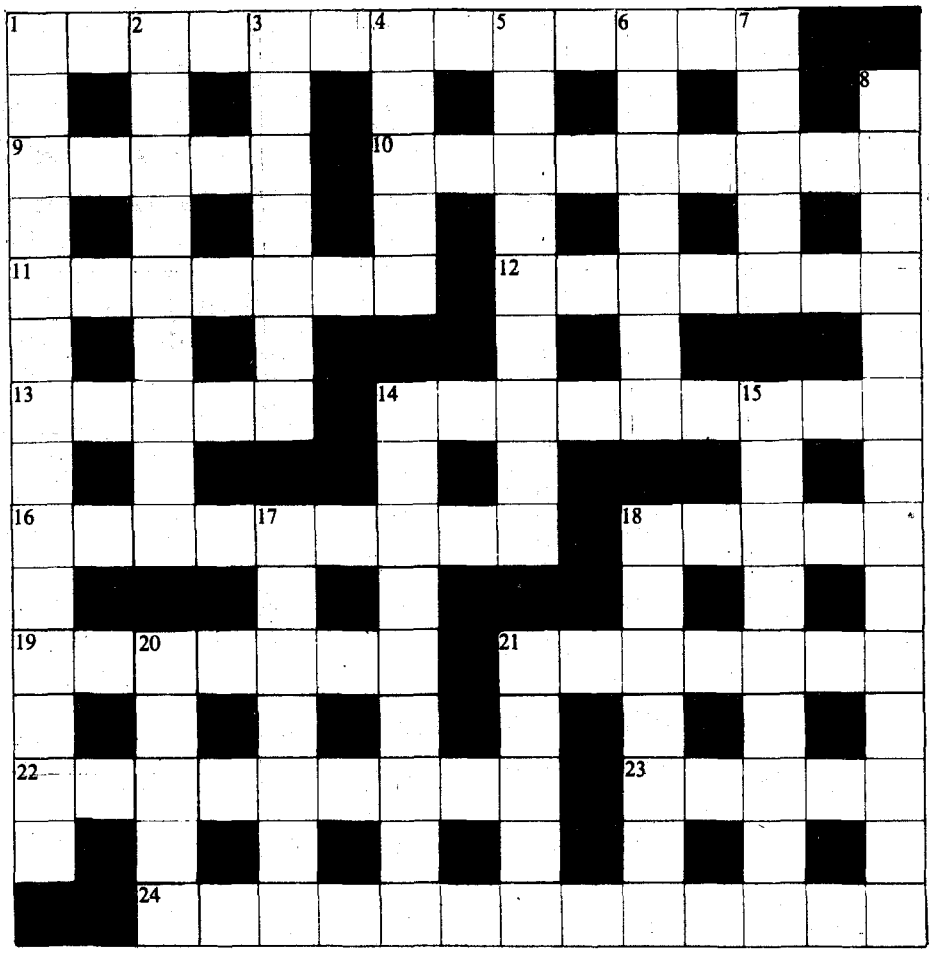
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2034

S	A	T	U	R	D	A	Y	E	V	E	N	I	N	G
T	■	H	■	E	■	I	■	N	■	N	■	R	■	E
U	S	U	R	P	■	R	E	D	A	C	T	I	O	N
M	■	N	■	L	■	L	■	O	■	H	■	S	■	E
B	E	D	T	I	M	E	■	W	E	A	T	H	E	R
L	■	E	■	C	■	S	■	E	■	N	■	■	■	A
I	N	R	O	A	D	S	■	D	U	T	I	F	U	L
N	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	R	■	N
G	U	D	G	E	O	N	■	C	H	A	T	E	A	U
B	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	P	■	E	■	I
L	E	V	E	R	E	T	■	T	U	R	B	A	N	S
O	■	E	■	L	■	C	■	S	■	I	■	G	■	A
C	U	R	I	O	S	H	O	P	■	O	C	E	A	N
K	■	D	■	C	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	C
S	L	I	C	K	A	S	A	W	H	I	S	T	L	E

Crossword Puzzle No. 2035

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A mixture of both suitable and seasonable material. (6-3-4)
9 and 10 It's not left where a mask is usually worn, as you take your turn in the ranks. (5-5-4)
11 Stormy lake taking a long time to have what lets water escape. (7)
12 Double-0 550—buzz around with this, and you'll catch a nogoodnik, obviously! (7)
13 Shows when a piano is your instrument, it's very loud. (5)
14 It might be rough if you get this on your chest. (4,5)
16 Admits to being like the actor Mr. Parker—in shape, like certain speakers. (9)
18 Rise up, possibly. (5)
19 Man gave this animal its name. (4,3)
21 Drag out this short professional politician in LA! (7)
22 Certainly no market for the fuel importer! (9)
23 Lounges, perhaps. (5)
24 A peculiar person suits it, since peculiar persons believe in them. (13)

DOWN

1 Its concrete results are not confined to Oregon and Maine. (8,6)
2 Shaw's was not really about a chiseler. (Though poor, I'm only a pig!) (9)
3 Though it's not exactly true, say it's part of the mouth, in one sense—or a sort of arm. (7)
4 Showing an attitude of wonder for the love-feast, as crossword addicts know! (5)
5 Do shrieks cause such an outburst with "Little Red Wagons"? (9)
6 As a result a foreign tour has befuddled the writers. (7)
7 Fish, perhaps, to show what raw lobsters have. (5)
8 Their examinations are usually superficial. (14)
14 One who is proverbially lost, or is at the masquerade. (9)
15 It makes the oil go up—not to the exact brim—causing a difficult situation. (9)
17 Possibly a clean start with a special beginning, so hold tight! (7)
18 One of those little things Alex Haley was looking for? (7)
20 Not the same old little street when coming up with the little creatures. (5)
21 This could be folded if the plate gets cracked. (5)

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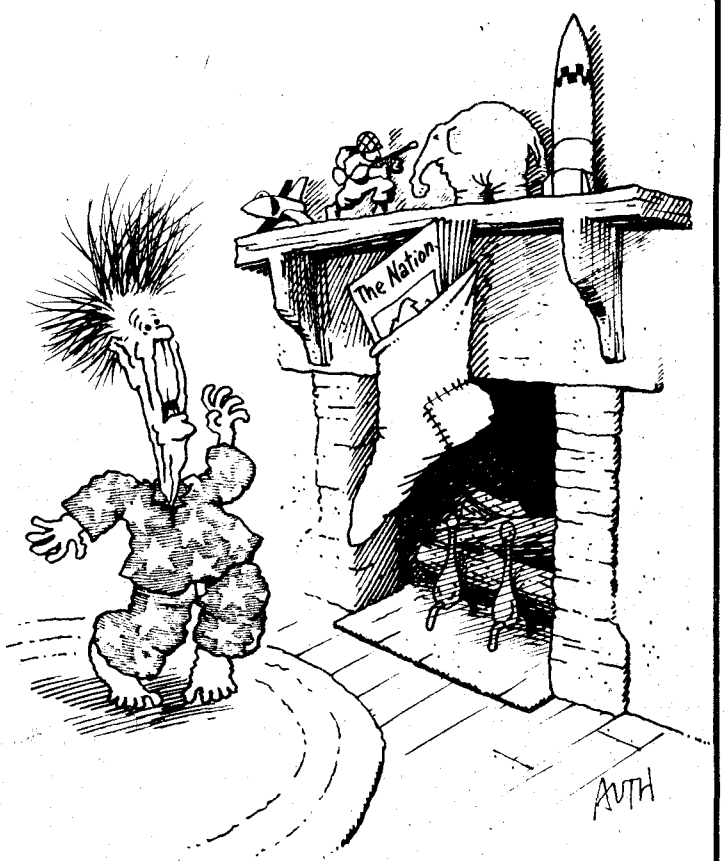

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